

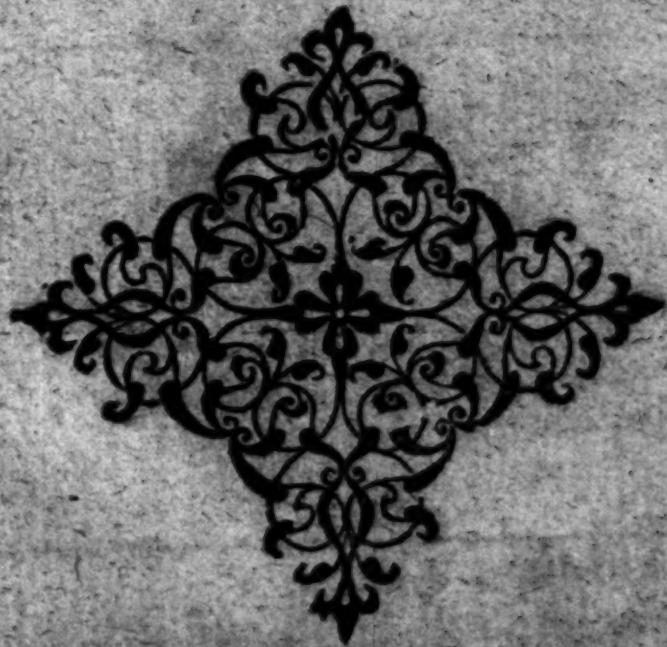


The troublesome

*aigne and lamentable death of
Edward the second, King of
England: with the tragicall
fall of proud Mortimer:*

*And also the life and death of Peirs Gaueston,
the great Earle of Cornwall, and mighty
fauorite of king Edward the second, as it was
publiquely acted by the right honorable
the Earle of Pembroke his
seruantes.*

Written by Chri. Marlow Gent.



*Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke,
for William Jones dwelling neare Holbourne conduit,
at the signe of the Gunne. 1598.*

The Court-Palace

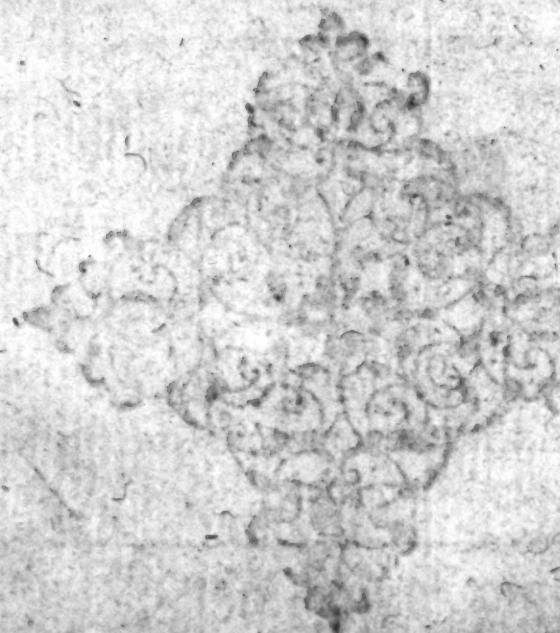
London: Printed by J. and C. Rivington, for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Price One Shilling. 32

Published by Authority of Her

Most Excellent Majesty Queen
Elizabeth II. by the Grace of God
Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland
and of Her other Realms and Territories, Head of the Commonwealth,
Defender of the Faith, etc., etc.

Printed by Chas. M. Cox.



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Enter Gauestone reading on a letter that was
brought him from the king.



Y father is deceast, come Ganeston, friend.
And share the kingdome with thy dearest
Ah words that make me surfeit with delight
What greater blisse can hap to Ganeston,
Then liue and be the favorite of a King?

Sweete prince I come, these these thy amorous lines,
Might haue enforst me to haue swum from France,
And like Leander gaspt vpon the sande,
So thou wouldest smile and take me in thine armes,
The sight of London to my excited eies,
Is as Elizium to a newe come soule,
Not that I loue the citie or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so deere,
The king, vpon whose bosome let me die,
And with the world be still at enmitie:
What neede the articke people loue star-light,
To whome the sunne shines both by day and night,
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peeres,
My knee shall bowe to none but to the king,
As for the multitude that are but sparkes,
Rakt vp in embers of their pouerrie,
Tanti: Ille fanne first on the winde,
That glaunceth at my lips and flieth away:
But how now, what are these?

Enter three poore men.

Poore men, Such as desire your your worships seruice.

Ganest. What canst thou doe?

1. Poore. I can ride.

Ganest. But I haue no horse, What art thou?

2. Poore. A traueller.

Ganest. Let me see, thou wouldest doe well

To waite at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner time,

The Tragedie

And as I like your discoursing, Ie haue you.

And what art thou?

3. poore. A souldier, that hath seru'd against the Scot.

Gane. Why there are hospitals for such as you,
I haue no warre, and therefore sir be gone.

Sold. Farewell, and perish by a souldiers hand,
That would'nt reward them with an hospitall.

Gau. I, I, these wordes of his moue me as much,
As if a Goole should play the Porcupine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my brest,
But yet it is no paine to speake mensaire,
Ile flatter these, and make them liue in hope:
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I haue not viewd my Lord the king,
If I speede well, ile entertaine you all.

Omnes. We thanke your worship.

Gau. I haue some busines, leue me to my selfe.

Omnes. We will waite heere about the court. *Exeunt.*

Gau. Do: these are not men for me,
I must haue wanton Poets, pleasant wits,
Musitions, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please,
Musicke and poetry is his delight,
Therefore ile haue Italian maskes by night,
Sweete speeches, comedies, and pleasing shewes,
And in the day when he shall walke abroad,
Like Silvian Nymphes my pages shall be clad,
My men like Satyres grazing on the lawnes,
Shall with their Goate feete daunce the Anticke hay,
Sometime a louely boy in Dians shape,
With haire that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked armes,
And in his sproutfull hands an Olive tree,
To hide those partes which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard-by,
One like Aeteon peeping through the groue,
Shall by the angry goddesse be transformde,
And running in the likenes of an Hart,
By yelping hounds pulld downe, and seeme to die,

Such

of Edward the Second.

Such things as these best please his maistye. My Lord, here comes the king and the nobles From the parliament , ile stand aside.

Enter the King, Lancaster, Mortimer senior, Mortimer junior, Edmond Earle of Kent, Gaie Earle of Warwick, &c. Edward. Lancaster. Ganest. That Earle of Lancaster do I abhorre. Edw. Will you not graunt me this? in spite of them Ile haue my will, and these two Mortimers. That crosse me thus, shall know I am displeased.

Mor. se. If you loue vs my Lord, hate Gaueston. Ganest. That villaine Mortimer ile be his death. Mor. ju. Mine vncle heere, this Earle. & I my selfe, Were sworne to your father at his death, That he should neare returne into the realme. And know my lord, ere I will breake my oath, This sworde of mine that should offend your foes, Shall sleepe within the scaberd at thy neede, And vnderneath thy banners march who will, For Mortimer will hang his armor vp.

Ganest. Mortimer, ile make thee rue these words, Beseemes it thee to contradict thy king? Frounst thou thereat aspiring Lancaster, The sworde shall plaine the sorowes of thy brewhouse, And hew these knees that now are growne so stiffe, I will haue Gaueston, and you shall know it. What danger tis to stand against your king.

Ganest. Well done, Ned. Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers, That naturally would loue and honour you. But for that base and obscure Gaueston, Foure Earldomes haue I besides Lancaster, Darbie, Salsbury, Lincolne, Leicester, These will I sell to give my souldiers paye, Ere Gaueston shall stay within the realme, Therefore if he be come, expell him straight.

The Tragedy

Edm. Barons and Earles, your pride hath made men.
But now ile speake and to the proefe I hope:
I do remember in my fathers dayes,
Lord Peirce of the north being highly mou'd,
Brau'd Mouberry in presence of the king,
For which had not his highnes lou'd him well,
He shoulde haue lost his head, but with his looke,
The vudaunted spirit of Peirce was appeas'd,
And Mouberry and he were reconcilde.
Yet dare you braue the king vnto his face,
Brother reuenge it, and let these their heads,
Preach vpon poles for trespassse of their tongues.

Warw. O our heads.

Edw. I yous, and therefore I would wish you graunt;

Warw. Bridle thy anger gentle Mortimer,

Mor. I cannot, nor I will not, I must speake,
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten vs,
Come vncle let vs leue the brainsick king,
And henceforth parlic with our naked swords.

Mor. se. Wilshire hath men enough to saue our heads,

Warw. All Warwickshire will loue him for my sake.

Lanc. And Northward Ganeston hath many friends,
Adew my Lord, and either change your minde,
Or looke to see the throne where you shoulde sit,
To floate in bloud, and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion throwne.

Exeunt nobilis.

Edw. I cannot brooke these haute menaces:

Am I a king and must be ouer rulde?
Brother display my ensignes in the fielde,
Ile bandie with the Barons and the Earles,
And either die or liue with Ganeston.

Gau. I can no longer keepe me from my lord.

Edw. What Ganeston welcome, kis not my hand,
Embrace me Ganeston as I do thee:
Why shouldest thou kneele, I haue alread
Knowest thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thy selfe, another Ganeston,

Not

OF EDWARD'S ACCO^{TE}

Not Hiles was more mournd for Hercules;

Then thou hast beene of me since thy exile.

Gau. And since I went from hence, no soule in hell

Hath felt more torment then poore Ganeston.

Edw. I know it, brother welcome home my friend,

Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,

And that high minded Earle of Lancaster,

I haue my wish, in that I joy thy sight,

And sooner shall the sea ouerwhelme my land,

Then beare the ship that shall transport thee hecess.

I heere create the Lord high Chamberlaine,

Cheefe Secretary to the state, and me,

Earle of Cornewall, king and lord of Man.

Ganeſt. My lord, these titles farre exceede my worth,

Kent. Brother the least of these may well suffice

For one of greater birth then Ganeſton.

Edw. Ceafe brother, For I cannot brooke these words,

Thy worth sweet friend is farre aboue my gifts,

Therefore to equall it receive my heart,

If for these dignities thou be enuied,

Ile giue thee more, for but to honour thee,

Is Edward pleazd with kingly regiment,

Fearſt thou thy person? thou ſhalt haue a guard,

Wants thou gould? go to my treafurie,

Wouldſt thou be loude and feard? receiue my ſeale,

Sauoir condemne, and in our name commaunde,

What ſo thy minde affeetes or fancie likes.

Ganeſt. It ſhall ſuffice me to enjoy your loue,

Which whiles I haue, I thinke my ſelfe as great,

As Cesar riding in the Romaine ſtreete,

With Captiue kings at hiftryumphant Carre.

Enter the Biſhop of Couentrie.

Edw. Whether goes my Lord of Couentrie ſo ſaſt?

Biſb. To celebraue your fathers exequies,

But iſ that wicked Ganeſton returnd?

Edw. I priet, and liues to be reuengd on thee,

That wer the onely caufe of his exile.

Ganeſt. Tis true, and but for reverence of these robes,

Thou ſhouldſt not plod one foote beyond thiſ place.

Bisb. I did no more then I was bound to do,
And Ganeſton vrlesſe thou be reclaiſd,
As then I diſincſe the parlement,
So will I now, and thou ſhalt backe to France:

Gauſ. Sauing your reuerence, you muſt pardon me.

Edw. Throwe of his golden miter, rend his ſtole,
And in the channell christen him a new.

Kent. Ah brother, lay not violent hands on him,
For heele complaine vnto the ſea of Rome.

Gauſ. Let him complaine vnto the ſea of hell,
He be reuengd on him for my exile.

Edw. No, ſpare his life, but ſeaze vpon his goods,
Be thou lord bishop, and receive his fents,
And make him ſerue thee as thy chaplaine,
I giue him thee, heere vſe him as thou wilt.

Gauſ. He ſhall to prison, and there die in bookeſ.

Edw. To the tower, the fleete, or where thou wilt.

Bisb. For this offence be thou accurst of God.

Edw. Whosē there? conuey this priſt to the tower.

Bisb. True, true.

Edw. But in the meane time Ganeſton away,
And take poſſeſſion of his house & goods,
Come follow me, and thou ſhalt haue my guard,
To ſee it done, and bring thee ſafe againe.

Gauſ. What ſhould a priſt do with ſo faire a houſe?
A priſon may beſet me his holinolleſſe.

Enter both the Mortimers, Warwicke,

and Lancastor.

War. Tis true, the Bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and bodie giuen to Ganeſton.

Lan. What? will they tyrannyze vpon the Church?
Ah wicked king, accurſed Ganeſton,

This ground which is corrupted with their ſteps,
Shall be their timeleſſe ſepulcher, or mine.

Mor. iu. Wel, let that peeviſh Frenchman guard him ſure
Vnleſſe his breſt be ſword prooſe he ſhall die.

Mor. ſe. How now, why droopes the Earle of Lancaster?

Mor. ii. Wherefore is Guy of Warwicke diſcontent?

Lan. That villaine Ganeſton is made an Earle.

Mort. ſen.

OF EDWARD THE SECOND,

Mort.sen. An Earle!

War. I, and besides Lord Chamberlanc of the realme,
And secretarie to, and Lord of Man.

Mor.se. We may not, nor we will not suffer this.

Mor.in. Why past we not from hence to leue men?

Lan. My Lord of Cornwall, now at euery word,
And happie is the man, whom he vouchsafes
For vailing of his bonnet one good looke,
Thus arme in arme, the king and he doth march:
Nay more, the guarde vpon his Lordship waites:
And all the court begins to flatter him.

War. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scornes, and smiles at those that passe.

Mor.se. Doth no man take exceptions at the slaues?

Lan. All stomacke him, but none dare speake a word.

Mor.in. Ah that bewraies their basenes Lancaster,
Were all the Earles and Barrons of my minde,
Weele hale him from the bosome of the king,
And at the court gate hang the pesant vp,
Who swolne with venome of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruine of the realme and vs.

Enter the Bishop of Canterbury.

War. Heere comes my Lord of Canterburies grace.

Lan. His countenance bewraies he is displeasde.

Bisb. First were his sacred garments rent and torne,
Then laide they violent handes vpon him next,
Himselfe imprisoned, and his goods asceasde,
This certifie the Pope, away take horse.

Lan. My Lord, will you take armes against the king?

Bisb. What neede I, God himselfe is vp in armes,
When violence is offered to the Church.

Mor.in. Then will you ioyne with vs that be his peers
To banish or behead that *Ganeſton*.

Bisb. What else my Lordes, for it concernes me neere,
The Bishopricke of *Conentrie* is his.

Enter the Queene

Mor.in. Madam, whether walks your maiestie so fast?

Que. Vnto the forrest gentle *Mortimer*,
To hue in grieve and balefull discontent,

The Tragedie

For now my Lord the king regardes me not,
But dotes vpon the loue of *Gaueston*,
He claps his cheeke, and hanges about his necke,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his eares,
And when I come, he frownes, as who should say,
Go whether thou wilt seeing I haue *Gaueston*.

Mor. se. Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitcht?

Mor. in. Madam, returne vnto the court againes:
That slie inueigling Frenchman weeke exile,
Or lose our liues: and yet ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crowne, for we haue power,
And courage to, to be reuengde at full.

Bish. But yet lift not your swords against the king.

Lan. No, but weeke lift *Gaueston* from hence.

War. And warre must be the meanes, or heele stay still.

Que. Then let him stay, for rather then my Lord
Shall be opprest with ciuill mutinies,
I will endure a melancholie life,
And let him frolick with his minion.

Bish. My Lordes, to eaze all this, but heare me speake,
We and the rest that are his counsellors,
Will meete, and with a generall consent,
Confirm his banishment with our handes and seales.

Lan. What we confirme the king will frustrate.

Mor. in. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

War. But say my Lord, where shall this meeting bee?

Bish. At the newe Temple.

Mor. in. Content:

An in the meane time ile intreat you all,
To crosse to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

Lan. Come then lets away.

Mor. in. Madam farewell.

Que. Farewell sweet Mortimer, and for my sake,
Forbeare to leue armes against the king.

Mor. in. I, if wordes will serue, if not, I must,

Enter Gaueston and the earle of Kent.

Gau. Edmond the mightie Prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earledomes then an asse can beare,
And both the Mortimers two goodly men,

With

of Edward the second.

Whith Gne of Warwick that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth, there let them remaine.

Enter Nobiles.

Exeunt.

Lan. Here is the forme of Gauestons exile:
May it please your Lordship to subscribe your name.

Bisb. Giue me the paper.

Lan. Quicke quicke my Lord,
I long to write my name.

War. But I long more to see him banisht hence.

Mor. m. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Vnlesse he be declinde from that base pesant.

Enter the King and Gaueston.

Edw. What?are you mou'd that Gaueston sics heere?
It is our pleasure, we will haue it so.

Lan. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For no where else the newe earle is so safe.

Mor. sc. What man of noble birth can brooke this sight?
Quam male conuenient:

See what a scornfull looke the pesant cast.

Pemb. Can kingle Lions fawne on creeping Ants?

War. Ignoble vassaile that like Phaeton,
Aspir' st vnto the guidance of the sunne.

Mor. m. Their downfall is at hand, their forces downe,
We will not thus be fac'd and ouerpeerd.

Edw. Lay handes on that traitour Mortimer.

Mor. sc. Lay hands on that traitor Gaueston.

Kent. Is this the duetie that you owe your king?

War. We know our dueties, let him know his peers.

Edw. Whether will you beare him, stay or ye shall dic.

Mor. sc. We are no traitors, therefore threaten not.

Gau. No, threaten not my Lord, but pay them homes
Were I a king.

Mor. m. Thou villaine, wherefore talkes thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

Edw. Were he a peasant being my minion,
Ile make the proudest of you stoupe to him.

Lan. My Lord you may not thus disparage vs,
Away I say with hatefull Gaueston.

Mor. sc. And with the earle of Kent that famours him.

The Tragedie

Edw. Nay, then lay violent handes vpon your king,
Here Mortimer, sit thou in Edwardes throne,
Warwicke and *Lancaster*, weare you my crowne,
Was euer king thus ouer rulde as I?

Lan. Learne then to rule vs better and the realme.

Mor.in. What we haue done,
our heart blood shall maintaine.

War. Thinke you that we can brooke this vpstart pride?

Edw. Anger and wrathfull furie stops my speech.

Bisb. Why are you mou'd, be patient my Lord,
And see what we your councellers haue done.

Mor.in. My Lordes, now let vs all be resolute,
And eyther haue our wiſs, or looſe our liues.

Edw. Meete you for this, proud ouerdaring peers,
Ere my sweete *Ganeſton* ſhall part from me,
This ile ſhall ſleete vpon the Ocean,
And wanderto the vnfrequented Inde.

Bisb. You know that I am legate to the Pope,
On your aleagance to the ſea of Rome,
Subscribe as we haue done to his exile.

Mor.in. Curse him, if he refufe, and then may we
Depole him and elect an other king.

Edw. I there it goes, but yet I will not yeeld,
Curſe me, depole me, doe the worſt you can.

Lan. Then linger not my lord but do it ſtraight.

Bisb. Remember how the Bishop was abuſe,
Either baniſh him that was the cauſe thereof,
Or I will preſently diſcharge theſe Lordz,
Of duety and alleagence due to thee.

Edw. It bootes me not to threat, I muſt ſpeake faire,
The Legate of the Pope will be obaid:

My lord, you ſhalbe Chauncellor of the Realme.

Thou Lancaster, high admirall of our fleete,

Yong Mortimer and his uncle ſhalbe earles,

And you lord Warwick, preſident of the Noith,

And thou of Wales, iſt this content you not,

Make ſeverall kingdomes of this monarchy,

And ſhare it e qually amongſt you all,

So I may haue ſome nooke or corner left,

To.

of Edward the second.

To frolike with my dearest *Ganeſton*.

Bifb. Nothing shall alter vs, wee are resolud,

Lan. Come, come, subscribe.

Mor,in. Why should you loue him,
whome the world hates so?

Edw. Because he loues me more then all the world.

Ah none but rude and sauage minded men,

*Would seeke the ruine of my *Ganeſton*,*

You that be noble borne should pitie him.

War. You that are princely borne should shake him off,

For shame subscribe, and let the lowne depart.

Mor,se. Urge him my lord.

Bifb. Are you content to banish him the reame?

Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content,

In stede of inke, ile write it with my teares.

Mor,in. The king is loue-ficke for his minion.

Edw. Tis done, and now accursed hand fall off.

Lan. Giue it me, ile haue it published in the streetes.

Mor,in. Ile see him presently dispatched away.

Bifb. Now is my heart at ease.

War. And so is mine.

Penb. This will be good newes to the common sort.

Mor,se. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edw. How fast they run to banish him I loue,

They would not stir, were it to do me good.

Why should a king be subiect to a priest?

Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperiall gromes,

For these thy superstitious taperlights,

Wherewith thy Antichristian churches blaze,

Ile fire thy craed buildings, and enforce

The papall towers, to kisse the lowlye ground,

With slaughtered priests may Tybers channell swelle,

And bankes raisd higher with their sepulchers;

As for the peeres that backe the cleargie thus,

If I be king, not one of them shall live.

Enter Ganeſton.

Gane. My lord I heare it whispered every where,
That I am banish'd, and must fli the land.

The Tragedie

Edw. Tis true sweete *Ganeston*, oh were it false,
The Legate of the Pope will haue it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd,
But I will raigne to be reueng'd of them,
And therefore sweete friend, take it patiently.
Lieue where thou wilt, ile send thee gould enough,
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou doost,
Ile come to thee, my loue shall neare decline.
Gane. Is all my hope turnd to this hell of greefe.

Edw. Rend not my heart with thy to piercing words,
Thou from this land, I from my selfe am banisht.

Gane. To go from hence, greeues not poore *Ganeston*,
But to forsake you, in whose gratious lookes
The blessednes of *Ganeston* remaines,
For no where else seekes he felicitie.

Edw. And only this torments my wretched soule,
That whether I will or no thou must depart:
Be gouernour of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me weare thine,
O might I keepe thee heere, as I doe this,
Happie were I but now most miserable.

Gane. Tis something to be pitied of a king.

Edw. Thou shalt not hence, Ile hide thee *Ganeston*.

Gane. I shall be found, and then twil greeue me more.

Edw. Kinde words and mutuall talke, makes our greefe
greater.

Therefore with dum embracement let vs part,
Stay *Ganeston* I cannot leauue thee thus.

Gane. For every looke, my lord drops downe a teare,
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And therefore giue me leauue to looke my fill,
But come sweete friend, ile beare thee on thy way.

Gane. The peers will frownie.

Edw. I passe not for their anger, come lets go,
O that we might as well returne as goe.

Enter Edmund and Queen Elizabeth.

Qn. Whether goes my lord?

Edw.

Edw. Fawne not on me French strumper, get thee gone: for I

Qu. On whom but on my husband should I fawnde?

Gau. On Mortimer, with whom yngentle Queene;

I say no more, iudge you the rest my lord.

, Qu. In saying this, thou wrongst me Ganeston,

Ist not enough, that thou corrupts my lord,

And art a bawd to his affections,

But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

Gau. I meane not so, your grace must pardon me,

Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,

And by thy meane is Ganeston exilde,

But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,

Or thou shalt neare be reconcild to me.

Qu. Your highnes knowes, it lies not in my power,

Edw. A way then, touch me not, come Ganeston.

Qu. Villaine, tis thou that robst me of my lord.

Gau. Madam, tis you that rob me of my lord.

Edw. Speake not vnto her, let her droope and pine;

Qu. Wherin my lord, haue I deseru'd these words?

Witnessse the teares that Isabella sheds,

Witnessse this hart, that sighing for thee breakes,

How deare my lord is to poore Isabell.

Edw. And witnessse heauen how dere thou art to me.

There weepe: for till my Ganeston be repeald,

Assure thy selfe thou coulst not in my sight.

Exeunt Edward and Ganeston.

Qu. O miserable and distressed Queene!

Would when I left sweet France and I was imbackt,

That charming Circes walking on the waues,

Had chaungd my shape, or at the mariage day,

The cup of Hymen had beeene full of poyon,

Or with those armes that twind about my neck,

I had beeene stifled, and not liued to see,

The king my lord thus to abandon me,

Like frantick Inno will I fill the earth,

With gasty murmure of my sighes and cries,

For never doted I on Ganemad,

So much as he on cursed Ganeston,

But that will more exasperate his wrath.

The Tragedie

I must entreat him I must speake him faire; no man mayst
And be a meanes to call home Ganeston: no sup morw nO.
And yet hee euer dore on Ganeston,
And so am I for euer miserable.

Enter the nobles to the Queene.

Lanc. Looke where the sister of the king of Fraunce,
Sits wringing of her hands, and beat her brest; by ad. m. bA

War. The king I feare hath ill increated hir. No flamen. nO.
Pen. Hard is the heart that iniuries such a saint.

Mor. in. I know tis long of Ganeston she weepes.

Mor. sc. Why? he is gone.

Mor. in. Madam, how fares your grace?

Qu. Ah Mortimer! now breaks the kings hate forth.
And he confesseth that he loues me not.

Mor. in. Cry quittance Madam then, and loue not him.

Qu. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths,
And yet I loue in vaine, heele ne're loue me.

Lan. Feare ye not Madame, now his minions gone,
His wanton humor will be quickly left.

Qu. Oh neuer Lancaster! I am inioyndes,
To sue vnto you all for his repeale;
This wils my Lord, and this must I performe,
Or else be banisht from his highnesse presence.

Lan. For his repeale, Madame, he comes not backe,
Vnlesse the sea cast vp his shipwrackt bodie.

War. And to behold so sweete a sight as that,
Theres none here, but would run his horse to death.

Mor. in. But madam, would you haue vs cal him home?

Qu. I Mortimer, for till he be restorde,
The angry king hath banisht me the court:
And therefore as thou louest and tehdest me,
Be thou my aduocate vnto these peers.

Mor. in. What would you haue me plead for Ganeston?

Mor. sc. Plead for him that will, I am resolute.

Lan. And so am I my Lord, diswade the Queene.

Qu. O Lancaster, let him diswade the king,
For tis against my will he should returne.

War. Then speake not for him, let the peasant go.

Qu. Tis for my selfe I speake, and not for him.

Pen.

Pen. No speaking will preuaile and therefore cease;

Morus. Fare Queene forbear to angle for the fish,
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead,
I meane that vile *Torpedo*, *Ganeston*,
That now I hope flotes on the Irish seas.

Qu. Sweete *Mortimer*, sit downe by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such waigte,
As thou wilt soone subscribe to his repeale.

Mor. iu. It is impossible, but speake your minde.

Qu. Then thus, but none shall heare it but our selues.

Lan. My Lords albeit the Queene winne *Mortimer*,
will you be resolute and hold with me?

Mor. se. Not I against my nephew.

Pen. Feare not, the queens words cannot alter him.

War. No, do but marke how earnestly she pleads.

Lan. And see how coldly his lookes make deniall.

War. She smiles, now for my life his minde is chang'd.

Lan. Ile rather loose his friendship I, then graunt,

Mor. iu. Well of necessitie it must be so,

My Lords that I abhor base *Ganeston*,

I hope your honors make no question,

And therefore though I plead for his repeal,

Tis not for his sake, but for our auaire:

Nay for the realmes bchooſe and for the kings.

Lan. Fie *Mortimer*, dishonour not thy ſelfe,

Can this be true twas good to banish him?

And is this true to call him home againe?

Such reaſons make white blacke, and darke night day.

Mort. iu. My Lord of *Lancaster*, marke the respect,

Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.

Qu. Yet Good my lord, hearē what he an alledge,

War. All that he ſpeakes is nothing, we are resolu'd.

Mor. iu. Do you not wiſh that *Ganeston* were dead?

Pen. I would he were.

Mor. iu. Why then my Lord, giue me but leauē to ſpeak,

Mor. se. But nephew, do not play the ſophiſter.

Mor. iu. This which I vrge is of a burning zeale,
To mend the king, and do our country good:
Know you not *Ganeston* hath ſore of golde,

The Tragedie

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of vs all,
And whereas he shall liue and be belou'de,
Tis hard for vs to worke his ouerthrow.

War. Marke you but that my Lord of Lancaster.

Mar. iii. But were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be subordyned,
To greete his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murtherer,
But rather praise him for that braue attempt,
And in the Chronicle, enrowle his name,
For purging of the realme of such a plague.

Penb. He saith true.

Lanc. I, but how chance this was not done before?

Mar. iii. Because my lords, it was not thought vpon:
Nay more, when he shall know it lies in vs,
To banish him, and then to call him home,
Twill make him vaise the topflag of his pride,
And feare to offend the meanest noble man.

Mar. se. But how if he do not Nephew?

Mar. iii. Then may we with some colour rise in armes,

For howsoeuer we haue borne it out,
Tis treason to be vp against the King,
So shall we haue the people of our side,
Which for his fathers sake leane to the King,
But cannot brooke a night growne mushrump,
Such a one as my Lord of Cornwall is,
Should beare vs downe of the nobilitie,
And when the commons and the nobles ioyne.

Tis not the King can buckler *Gaueston*.

Weele pull him from the strongest shold he hath,

My lords, if to performe this I be slacke,

Thinke me as base a groome as *Gaueston*.

Lan. On that condition Lancaster will grant.

War. And so will Penbrooke and I.

Mar. se. And I.

Mar. iii. In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer, will rest at your commaund.

Qu. And when this fauour *Isabell* forgets,

Then

Then let her lie abandond and forlorne,
But see in happie time, my lord the king,
Hauing brought the Earle of Cornewall on his way,
Is new teturnd, this newes will glad him much,
Yet uot so much as me, I loue him more
Then he can Ganeſton, would he lou'd me
But halfe so much, then were I treble bleſt.

Enter king Edward mourning.

Edw. Hees gone, and for his absence thus I moeue,
Did neuer sorrow go ſo neare my heart,
As doth the want of my ſweete Ganeſton,
And could my crownes reueue bring him back,
I would freelie giue it to his enemies,
And thinke I gaide, hauing beuight ſo deare a friend.

Qn. Harke how he harps vpon his minion.

Edw. My heart is as an anvil vnto sorrow,
Which beats vpon it like the Cyclops hammers,
And with the noise turnes vp my giddie braine,
And makes me frantick for my Ganeſton:
Ah had ſome bloudieſſe furie roſe from hell,
And with my kinglie ſcepter ſtoke me dead,
When I was forſt to leaue my Ganeſton.

Lau. Diablo, what paſſions call you theſe.

Qn. My gratious lord, I come to bring you newes.

Edw. That you haue parked with your Mortimer.

Qn. That Ganeſton my lord ſhalbe repealed.

Edw. Repealde, the newes is too ſweete to be true.

Qn. But will you loue me, if you finde it ſo?

Edw. If it be ſo, what will not Edwart do?

Qn. For Ganeſton, but not for Isabell.

Edw. For thee faire Queene, if thou louest Ganeſton.

Ile hang a golden tongue about thy necke,

Seeing thou haſt pleaded with ſo good ſuccesse,

Qn. No other iewels hang about my necke

Then theſe my lord, nor let me haue more wealth,

Then I may fetch from this ritch treaure;

O how a kiffe reviuies priore Isabell.

Edw. Once more receive my hand, and let this be,

The King adic

A sccond mariage twixt thy selfe and me.

Qu. And may it prooue more happie then the first,

My gentle lord, bespeake these nobles faire,

That waite attendance for a gratiouse looke,

And on their knees salute your maiestie.

Edw. Cauragious Lancaster, imbrase thy King,

And as grosse vapours perish by the sonne,

Euen so let hatred with thy soueraigne smile,

Liue thou with me a my companion.

Lar. This salutation ouerioyes my heart,

Edw. Warwicke, shalbe my chiefeſt counſeller:

These ſiluer haires will more adorne my court,

Then gaudie ſilkes, or rich imbrotherie,

Chide me ſweete Warwicke, if I goe astray.

War. Slay me my lord, when I offend your grace.

Edw. In ſollemne triumphes, and in publicke showes,

Pembroke ſhall beare the ſword before the King.

Pen. And with this ſword, Pembroke will fight for you.

Edw. But wherefore walkes young Mortimer aſide with thine hau-

Be thou commaunder of our royll fleet,

Or if that loftie office like thee not,

I make thee heere Lord Marshall of the realme.

Mor. My Lord, ile marshall ſo your enemis,

As England ſhall be quiet, and you ſaſtopping all v. oldiſſe, and

Edw. And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Clirke,

Whose great aſchieuements in our forraine warres,

Deserues no common place, nor meane reward;

Be you the generall of the leuid troopes,

That now are readie to affaite the Scottes.

Mor. In this your grace hath highly honoured me,

For with my nature warre doth best agree.

Qu. Now is the King of England rich and strong,

Hauing the loue of his renowned peers,

Edw. Iſabell, neare was my heart to light,

Clarke of the crowne, direct our warrant forth,

For Gaufſton to Ireland: Be a monſtrey,

As fast as Iris, or Jones Mercurie.

Beaum. It ſhalbe done my gratiouse Lord.

Edw. Lord Mortimer we leaue you to your charge.

Now

of Edward the Second.

Now let vs in, and feast it royallie: which is onelie intended
Against our friend the earle of Cornwall comes, and a mariage betwixt
Weele haue a generall tilt and tourment,
And then his mariage shalbe solemnized, in vocation howe
For wote you not that I haue made him sute,
Vnto our cosin, the earle of Glosiers heire,

Lan. Such newes we heare my Lord.

Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost, we will requite your loue.

VVar. In this, or ought, your highnes shall command vs.

Edw. Thankes gentle Warwick, come lets in and reuell.

Manent Mostimers. Excuse.

Mor. sc. Nephue, I must to Scotland, thou staist here,
Leaue now to oppose thy selfe against the king,
Thou seest by nature he is milde and calme,
And seeing his minde so dotes on Ganeston,
Let him without controlement haue his will,
The mightiest kings haue had their minions,
Great Alexander loued Ephestion,
The conquering Hector, for Hiles wept,
And for Patroclus sterne Achillis dropte:
And not kings onely, but the wisest men,
The Romane Tullie loued Octauis,

Graue Socrates, wilde Alciades:
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vaine light-headed earle,
For riper yeares will weane him from such toyes.

Mor. sc. Uncle, his wanton humor greeues not me,
But this I scorne, that one so basely borne,
Should by his soueraignes fauour grow so pert,
And riote it with the treasure of the realme,
While souldiers mutinie for want of paie,
He weares a Lordes reuenewe on his backe,
And Midas like he iets it in the court,
With base outlandish cultours at his heelles,
Whose proud fantastike liueries make such showe,
As if that Proteus god of shanes appereide.

The Tragedie of King Richard II

I haue not seene a dapper iacke so briskē,
He weares a short Italian hooded cloake,
Larded with pearle, and in his tuscan cap
A iewell of more value then the crowne, his armes and both his hanē.
Whiles other walke below, the King and he
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And floute our traine, and iest at our attire :
Vnkle, tis this that makes me impatient.

Mor. se. But nephew, now you see the King is changd.

Mor. in. Then so am I, and liue to doe him seruice,
But whiles I haue a sword, a hand a heart,
I will not yeeld to any such vpstart.
You know my minde, come vncle lets away.

Exeunt.

Enter Spencer and Balducke. / dead

Bald. Spencer, seeing that our Lord th' earle of Gloucestre
Which of the nobles doest thou meane to serue?

Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,
Because the King and he are enemies, alwaies agaynt us by the way.
Balducke : learne this of me, a factious Lord
Shall hardly do himselfe good, much lesse vs,
But he that hath the fauour of a King,
May with one word, aduance vs while we liue :
The liberall earle of Cornwall is the man,
On whose good fortune Spenc. hope depends.

Bald. What, meane you therto be his follower?

Spen. No, his campanion, for he loves me well,
And would haue once pteser'd me to the King.

Bald. But he is banisht, theres small hope of him.

Spen. I for a while, but Balducke marke the end,
A friend of mine told me in secrecie,
That he esrepaide, and sent for backe againe,
And euuen now, a poale came from the court,
With letters to our Ladie from the King,
And as she red, she smilde, which makes me thinkē,
It is about her louer Gausetton.

Bald. Tis like enough, for since he was exilde,
She neither walkes abroad, nor comes in sight :
But I had thought the march had beeke broke off,

And

And that his banishmen had changed her minde.

Spen. Our Ladies first loue is not waueslog,
My life for thine she will haue *Gaueston*.

Bald. Then hope I by her meanes to be pre ferd,
Hauing read vnto her since she was a childe.

Spen. Then *Balducke*, you must cast the scholler off
And learne to court it like a Gentleman,
Tis not a blacke coate and a little band,
A Velvet cap'd cloake, fac't before with Serge,
And smelling to a Nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a tables end,
Or making lowe legs to a noble man,
Or looking downeward, with your eyelids close,
And saying, truely art may please your honour,
Can get you any fauour with great men,
You must be proud, bolde, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then, stab as occasion serues.

Bald. *Spencer* thou knowest I hate such formaltoyes,
And vse them but of meere hypocrisie.
Mine olde Lordwhiles he liude, was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins heads, blame me for the bignesse,
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kinde of villanie.
I am none of these common pedants I,
That cannot speake without *propterea quod*.

Spen. But one of those that saith *quandoquidem*,
And hath a speciall gift to forme a verbe.

Bald. Leave of this testing, here my Ladie comes.

Enter the Ladie.

Ladie. The greefe for his exile was not so much,
As is the ioy of his returning home,
This letter came from my sweete *Gaueston*,
What needst thou loue; thus to excuse thy selfe?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me,
I will not long be from thine though I die,
This argues the entir loue of my Lord.

When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart,
But thee here where Ganefon shall sleepe.
Now to the letter of my Lord the king,
He wils me to repaire vnto the court,
And meete my Ganefon: why doe I stay,
Seeing that he talkes thus of my mariage day?
Whose there, Baldnucke?

Se that my coach be readie, I must hence.

Bald. It shall be done madam.

Exit.

Lad. And meete me at the parke pale presentlie:
Spencer, stay you and beare me companie,
For I haue ioyfull newes to tell thee of,
My Lord of Cornwallis a comming ouer,
And will be at the court as soone as we.

Spen. I knew the King would haue him home again.

Lad. If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
Thy service Spencer shalbe thought vpon.

Spen. I humbly thanke your Ladieship.

Lad. Come leade the way, I long till I am there.

Enter Edward, the Queene, Lancaster, Mortimer,
Warwicke, Penbrooke, Kent, attendantes.

Edw. The winde is good, I wonder why he stayes,
I feare me he is wrackt vpon the sea.

Que. Looke Lancaster how passionate he is,
And still his minde runs on his minion.

Lan. My Lord.

Edw. How now, what newes, is Ganefon ariued?

Mor. Nothing but Ganefon, what means your grace?
You haue matters of more waigte to thinke vpon,
The King of France sets foote in Normandie.

Edw. A trise, weele expell him when we please,
But tell me Mortimer, whats thy devise,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Mor. A homely one my Lord, not worth the telling!

Edw. Prey thee let me know it.

Mor. But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A lostie Cedar tree faire flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly Eagles pearche,
And by the barke a knoker creepes me vp,

And

OF EDWARD THE SECOND,
And gets vnto the highest bough of all,
The motto : *Eque raudem.*

Edw. And what is yours my Lord of Lancaster?

Lan. My Lord, mines more obscure then Mortimers,
Plaine reportes, there is flying Fish,
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore being pursued, it takes the ayre :
No sooner is it vp, but thers a fowle,
That seacheth it: this fish my Lord I beare,
The motto this : *Vndigne mors oſe.*

Edw. Proud Mortimer, yngentle Lancaster,
Is this the loue you beare your feueraigne?
Is this the fruite your reconcilement beares?
Can you in wordes make shewe of amitie,
And in your shields display your rancorous mindes?
What call you this but priuate libelling,
Against the Earle of Cornwall and my brother?

Que. Sweete husband be content, they all loue you.

Edw. They loue me not that hate my Gaufston,
I am that Cedar, shake me not so much,
And you the Eagles, sore ye ne're so high,
I haue the gressies that will pull you downe,
And *Eque raudem* shall that canker crie,
Vnto the proudest peere of Britanie :
Though thou compar'st him to a flying Fish,
And threatnest death whether he rise or fall,
Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor fowlest Harpie that shall swallow him.

Mor. in. If in his absence thus he fauours him,
What will he doe when as he shall be present?

Lan. That shall wee see, looke where his Lordship comes.

Enter Gaufston. (thy friend,

Edw. My Gaufston, welcom to Tymothe, welcome to
Thy absence made me droope, and pine away,
For as the louers of faire Danie,
When she was lockt vp in a brasen tower,
Desirde her more, and wext outragious,
So did it sure with me : and now thy sight
Is sweeter farre, then was thy parting hence

The Tragedie

Bitter and irkesome to my sobbing heart.

Gau. Sweet Lord and King, your speech preuenteth mine
Yet haue I wordes left to expresse my ioy :
The sheepheard nipt with biting winters rage,
Frolicks nor more to see the painted spring,
Then I doe to behold your Maiestie.

Edw. Will none of you salute my *Gaueston* ?

Lan. Salute him? yes welcome Lord Chamberlaine.

Mor. in. Welcome is the good Earle of Cornwall

War. Welcome Lord governour of the Isle of man.

Pen. Welcom maister secretarie.

Edm. Brother doe you heare them?

Edm. Still will these Earles and Barrons vse me thus?

Gau. My Lord I cannot brooke these iniuries,

Que. Aye me poore soule when thes begin to iatre,

Edw. Returne it to their throates, ile be thy warrant.

Gau. Base leaden Earles that glory in your birth,
Goe sit at home and eate your tenants beefe,
And come not here to scoffe at *Gaueston*,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creape so low,
As to bestow a looke on such as you: or if you do thinke

Lan. Yet I disdaine not to doe this for you.

Edw. Treason, treason: whe is the traitor? (der him)

Pen. Here here King: convey hence *Gaueston* thail mur.

Gau. The life of thes shall lalue this soule ditgrace.

Mor. in. Villaine thy life, unlesse I misse mine aime.

Que. Ah furious Mortimer what hast thou done?

Mor. No more then I would answe were he flaine.

Edw. Yes more then thou canst answer though he live,
Deare shall you both abide this riotous deede :
Out of my presence, come not neere the court.

Mor. in. Ile not be barde the court for *Gaueston*.

Lan. Weele haile him by the eares vnto the blocke.

Edw. Looke to your owne heads, his is surc enough.

War. Looke to you own crowne, if you back him thus.

Edm. Warwicke, these wordes do ill beseeeme thy years.

Edw. Nay all of them conspire to crosse me thus,
But if I liue, ile tread vpon their heades,
That thinkes with high lookes thus to tread me downe,

Come

of Edward, by Agnes.

Come Edmond lets away, and leue me,
Tis warre that must abate these Barrons pride.

Exit the King.

War. Lets to our castles, for the King is moou'de.

Mor. in. Moou'de may he be, and perish in his wrath,

Lan. Cosin it is no dealing with him now,

He meaneſt to make vs ſtoope by force of armes,

And therefore let vs ioyntly heere protest,

To prosecute that *Ganefon* to the death.

Mor. in. By heauen the abieſt villaine ſhall not liue.

War. Ile haue his blood or die in ſeeking it,

Pen. The like oath *Penbrooke* takes,

Lan. And ſo doth *Lauagaffer*:

Now ſend our Heralds to defie the King,

And make the peopleſ weare to put him downe.

Enter a Poſte.

Mor. in. Letters from whence?

Meffen. From Scotland my Lord.

Lan. Why how now coſin, howfares all our friendes?

Mor. in. My vncles taken prisoner by the Scots.

Lan. Weele haue him ransomed man, be of good cheere

Mor. They rate his ransome at five thouſand pound,

Who ſhould defray the money but the King,

Seeing he is taken prisoner in his warres?

Ile to the King.

Lan. Doe coſin, and ile beare thee compaie.

War. Meantime my Lord of *Penbrooke* and my ſelfe,
Will to Newcastle heere, and gather head.

Mor. in. About it then, and we will follow you,

Lan. Be resolute and full of ſecrecy,

War. I warrant you.

Mor. in. Coſin, and if he will not ransom him,

Ile thunder ſuch a peale into his eares,

As neuer ſubieſt did vnto his King.

Lan. Content, ile beare my part, holla whone there!

Mor. in. I marrie, ſuch a garde as this doth well.

Lan. Lead on the way,

Guard. Whither will your Lordships?

Mor. in. Whither elſe but to the King.

The Tragedie

Guar. His hignes is disposde to be alone.

Lan. Why, so he may, but we will speake to him.

Guard. You may not in, my Lord.

Mor.in. May we not.

Edw. How now, what noise is this?

Who haue we there, ist you?

Mor. Nay, stay my Lord, I come to bring you newes,
Mine vncles taken prisoner by the Scots.

Edw. Then ransome him.

Lan. Twas in your wars, you should ransome him.

Mor.in. And you shall ransome him, or else?

Edm. What Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

Edw. Quiet your selfe, you shall haue the broadscale,
To gather for him throughout the realme.

Lan. Your minion Ganefon hath caught you this.

Mor.in. My Lord, the familie of the Mortimers
Are not so poore, but would they sell their land,
Would leue men enough to aueryou,
We never beg, but vse such praiers as these.

Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?

Mor.i. Nay, now you are heere alone, ile speake my mind.

Lan. And so will I, and then my Lord farewell,

Mor. The idle triumphes, maskes, lasciuious shewes
And prodigall giftes bestowed on Ganefon,
Haue drawne thy treasure drie, and made the weake,
The murmurings commones ouerstretched hat.

Lan. Looke for rebellion, looke to be deposde,
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And lame and poore, lie groaning at the gates,
The wilde Oneyle, with swarmes of Irish Kernes,
Liues vntroulde within the English pale,
Vnto the walles of Yorke the Scots made rode,
And vngrested, draue away rich spoiles.

Mor.in. The hautie Dane commaunds the narrow seas,
While in the harbor ride thy ships vrigd.

Lan. What foraine prince sends thee embassadours.

Mor. Who loues thee? but a sort of flatterers.

Lan. Thy gentle Queene, sole sister to Valoys,
Complaines, that thou hast left her all forlone.

Mor.

of Edward the fourth.

Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those,
That makes a king seeme gloriouſ to the world,
I meane the peeres, whom thou ſhouldſt dearly loue:
Libels are caſt againſt thee in the ſtreets,
Ballads and rimes, made of thy ouerthrow.

Lanc. The northern borderers ſeeing their houses burnt
Their wiues and children ſlaine, ran vp and downe,
Cursing the name of thee and *Gaueſton*.

Mor. When werſt thou in the field with banner ſpread? w^tolbat
But once, and then thy ſoldiers marche like players,
With gariſh robes, not armor, and thy ſelfe in the fleete moore by old
Bedaubd with golde, rode laughing at the roſt,
Nodding and shaking of thy ſpangled creſt.
Where womenſ fauor ſhung like labels downe.

Lau. And thercof came it, that the ſleeting Scots,
To Englands high diſgrace, haue made this lig^t,
Maids of England, ſore may you moorne,
For your lemons you haue loſt, at Bannocks borne,
With a heauē and a ho,
What weeneth the king of England,
So ſoone to haue woone Scotland,
With a rombelow.

Mor. *Wigmore* ſhall flie, to ſet thy vncle free,

Lau. And when tis gone, our ſwords ſhal purchase more,
If ye be mood' reuenge it as you can,
Looke next to ſee vs with our enſignes ſpread. *Exceut nobiles.*

Edw. My ſwelling hart for very angerbreakes,
How oft haue I bee[n] baited by theſe peeres?
And dare not be ſeuengde, for their power is great:
Yet, ſhall the crowing of theſe cockerels,
Affright a Lion? *Edward*, vnfolde thy pawes,
And let their liues bloud ſlake thy furies hunger:
If I be cruell and growe tyrannous,
Now let them thanke themſelues, and ruetoo late.

Kent: My lord, I ſee your loue to *Gaueſton*,
Will be the ruine of the realme and you,
for now the wrathfull nobles threaten warres,
And therefore brother banift him for euer.

Edw. Art thou an enemy to my *Gaueſton*?

The Tragedie of King RICHARD II

Kent. I, and it grieues me that I fauoured him.

Edw. Traitor be gone, whine thou with Mortimer,

Kent. So will I, rather then with Gauneston.

Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more,

Kent. No maruell though thou scornethy noble peers,

Wnen I thy brother am reected thus.

Edw. Away poore Gauneston, that hast no friend but me,

Do what they can, weeke liue in Timmorb here,

And so I walke with him abut the walles,

What care I though the Earles begirt vs round,

Heere comes she thats cause of all these iarres.

Enter the Queen, Ladies 3; Baldock,

and Spencer.

Qu. My Lord, tis thought the Earles are ypin armes.

Edw. I, and tis likewise thought you fauor him.

Qu. Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

La. Sweete vncle speake more kindly to the queene.

Gau. My lord, dissemble with her, speake her faire.

Edw. Pardon me sweete, I forgot my selfe.

Qu. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabell.

Edw. The yonger Mortimer is growne so braue,
That to my face he threatens ciuill warres.

Gau. Why do your not commit him to the tower?

Edw. I dare not, for the people loue him well.

Gau. Why then weeke haue him priuily made away.

Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both carroust,

A bowle of poysون to each others health:

But let them go, and tell me what are these.

Lad. Two of my fathers seruants whilste he liu'de,

Mairt please your grace to entertaine them now.

Edw. Tell me, where wast thou borne?

What is thine armes?

Bald. My name is Baldock and my gentry

I fetch from Oxford, not from Hearaldry.

Edw. The fitter art thou Baldok for my turne,

Waite on me, and ill see thou shalt not want.

Bald. I humbly thanke your maiestie.

Edw. Knowest thou him Gauneston?

Gau. I my lord his name is Spenser, he is well aliied.

For my sake let him waite vpon your grace,
Scarce shall you finde a man of more select.

Edw. Then Spenser waite vpon me, for his sake
He grace the with a higher stile ere long.

Spens. No greater titles happen vnto me,
Then to be faoured of your maiesie.

Edm. Cosin, hysday shalbe your mariage feast,
And Gaueston, thinke that I loue thee well,
To wed thee to our neece, the only heire
Vnto the Earle of Gloster late deceased.

Gau. I know my lord, many will stomeake me,
But I respect neither their loue nor hate.

Edm. The head-strong Barons shall not limit me,
He that I list to fauour shall be great:
Come lets away, and when the mariage ends,
Haue at the rebels, and their complices.

Excomintennes.

*Enter Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwicke,
Penbrooke, Kent.*

Kent. My lords, of loue to this our native land,
I come to ioyne with you and leaue the king,
And in your quarrell and the realmes behoofe,
Will be the first that shall aduenture life.

Lan. I feare me you are sent of pollicie,
To vndermine vs with a showe of loue.

Warw. He is your brother, therefore haue we cause
To calt the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

Edm. Mine honour shalbe hostage of my truthe.
If that will not suffice, farewell my lords.

Mort. Stay Edmord, never was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

Pen. But what's the reason you shoulde leaue him now?

Kent. I haue enfornd the Earle of Lancaster,

Lan. And it sufficeth: now my lords know this,
That Gaueston is secretly arriu'de,
And here in Tymore frolickes with the king,
Let vs with these our followers scale the walles,
And sodainly surprize them vnawante.

The King of France

Mor. Ile give the onset.

War. And ile follow thee.

Mor. This tottered ensigne of my auncesters,

which swēpt the desart shore of that dead sea,

Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,

Will I aduance vpon this castle walles,

Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport,

And ring aloude the knell of Gaueston.

Lan. None be so hardie as touche the King,

But neither spare you Gaueston, nor his friends,

Exente

Enter the king and Spencer, to them

Gaueston, &c.

Edw. O tell me Spencer where is Gaueston?

Spen. I feare me he is slaine my gratiouse Lord.

Edw. No, here he comes, now let them spoile and kill,

Fle flie my Lords, the earles haue got the holde,

Take shippynge and away to Scarborough,

Spencer and I will post away by land.

Gane. O stay my lord, they will not iniure you,

Edw. I will not trust them, Gaueston away.

Gane. Farewell my Lord.

Edw. Ladie, farewell,

Lad. Farewell sweete vncle till we meeete againe.

Edw. Farewell sweete Gaueston and farewell Neece.

Qu. No farewell to poore Isabell, thy Queene?

Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer your louers sake.

Exente omnes, manet Isabella,

On. Heauens can witnessse, I loue none but you,

From my imbracements thus he breakes away,

O that mine armes could close this Ile about,

That I might pull him to me where I would,

Or that these teates that drissell from mine eyes,

Had powerte to mollisise his stonic hart,

That when I had him we might never part.

Enter the Barrons alarums.

Lan. I wonder how he scapt.

Mor. Whose this, the Queene?

Qu. I Mortimer, the miserable Queene,

Whose

of Edward the second.

Whose pining heart her inward sighes haue blasted,
And body with continuall mooring wasted:
These hands are tird, with haling of my lord
From *Ganeſton*, from wicked *Ganeſton*,
And all in vaine, for when I speake him faire,
He turnes away, and smiles vpon his minion.

Mor. Cease to lament, and tell vs wheres the King?

Qu. What would you with the King, ift him you seeke?

Lan. No madam, but that cursed *Ganeſton*,
Farre be it from the thought of *Lancaster*,
To offerviolence to hisoueraigne,
We would but rid the realme of *Ganeſton*,
Tell vs where he remaines, and he shall die.

Qu. Hees gone by water vnto Scarborough,
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape,
The King hath left him, and his traine is small.

Warw. Forslowe no time, sweete Lancaster lets march,

Mor. How coms it, that the King and he is parted?

Qu. That this your armie going scuerall waies,
Might be oflesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easilly suppreſt: and therefore be gone.

Mor. Here in the riuer rides a Flemish hōe.
Lets all aboord, and follow him amaine.

Lan. The wind that bears him hence, will fill our sails,
Come, come aboord, tis but an houres sailing.

Mor. Madam stay you within this castell here.

Qu. No *Mortimer*, ile to my lord the King.

Mor. Nay, rather saile with vs to Scarborough.

Qu. You know the King is so suspitious,
As if he heare I haue but talkt with you,
Mine honour will be cald in question,
And therefore gentle *Mortimer* be gone.

Mor. Madam, I connot stay to anſwere you,
But thinke of *Mortimer* as he deserues.

Qu. So well haſt thou deseru'd sweete *Mortimer*,
As *Isabell* could loue with the for euer,
In vaine I looke for loue at *Edwards* hand,
Whose eyes are fixt on none but *Ganeſton*:

The Tragedie

Yet once more Ile importune him with prayer,
If he be strange and not regard my wordes,
My sonne and I will ouer into France,
And to the King my brother there complaine,
How *Ganeston* hath rob'd me of his loue:
But yet I hope my sorrowes will haue end,
And *Ganeston* this blessed day be slaine.

Exeunt

Enter Ganeston, pursued.

Gane. Yet lustie lords I haue escapt y our hands,
Your threats, your larams, and your hote pursutes,
And though devorred from King *Edwards* eyes,
Yet liueth *Pierce of Ganeston* unsurprizd,
Breathing, in hope (*malgrado* all you beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To these his royll soueraigne once againe.

Enter the Nobles.

War. Vpon him souldiers, take away his weapons.

Mor. iu. Thou proud disturber of thy countryes peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broiles,
Base flatterer, yeeld, and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a souldiers name,
Vpon my weapons point here shouldest thou fall,
And welter in thy goare.

Lan. Monster of men, that like the Greekish strumpet
Traind to armes and blodie warres,
So many valiant knights,
Looke for no other fortune wretch then death,
King *Edward* is not heere to buckler thee.

War. Lancaster, why talkst thou to the slave?
Go souldiers take him hence,
For by my sword, his head shall off;
Ganeston, short warning shall serue thy turne:
It is our conries cause,
That here seuerely we will execute,
Vpon thy person: hang him at a bough:

Gane. My Lord.

War. Souldiers haue him away;
But for thou wert the fauorit of a King,
Thou shalt haue so much honour at our hands,

Gane.

OF EDWARD AND RICHARD.

Gane. I thanke you all my lords, then I perceiue,
That headding is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter Earle of Arundell.

Lanc. How now my Lord of Arundell?

Arun. My lords, King Edward greeetes you all by me. *War.* Arundell, say your message.

Arun. His maiestie, hearing that you had taken *Ganeffon*,
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies, for why he sayes,
And seides you word, he knowes that die he shall,
And if you gratifie his grace so farre,
He will be mindfull of the curtesie.

Warw. How now!

Gan. Renowned Edward, how thy name
Reuiues poore *Ganeffon*.

Warw. No it needeth not,
Arundell, we will gratifie the king
In other matters, he must pardon vs in this,
Souldiers away with him.

Ganeffon. Why my Lord of *Warwicke*,
will not these delaies beget my hopes?
I know it lords, it is this life you aime at,
Yet graunt King Edward this.

Mor. in. Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant?
Souldiers away with him:
Thus weeke gratifie the King,
Weelesende his head by thce, let him bestow
His teares on that, for that is all he gets
Of *Ganeffon*, or else his sencelesse truncke.

Lan. Not so my Lord, least he bestow more cost,
In burying him, then he hath euer earned.

Arun. My lords, it is his maiesties request,
And in the honor of a King he sweares,
He will but talke with him and send him backe.

Warw. When can you tell? *Arundell* no, we wot,
He that the care of realme remits,
And drives his nobles to these exidents
For *Ganeffon*, will if he saeze him once,

Violate any promise to possesse him.

Arun. Then if you will not trust his grace in kepe,

My lords, I will be pledge for his returne.

Mor. in. It is honorable in thee to offer this,

But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,

We will not wrong thee so,

To make away a true man for a theefe.

Gauest. How meanest thou Mortimer? that is ouer base.

Mor. A way base groome, robber of Kings renoune,

Question with thy companions and mates.

Pen. My lord Mortimer and you my lords each one,

To gratifie the Kings request therein,

Touching the sending of this Gaueston,

Because his maestie so earnestlie

Desires to see the man before his death,

I will vpon mine honour vndertake

To carrie him, and bring him back againe,

Prouided this, that you my lord of Arundell

Will ioyne with me.

War. Penbrooke. what wilt thou do?

Cause yet more bloudshed: is it not enough

That we haue taken him, but must we now

Leau him on had. I wist, and let him go?

Pen. My lords, I will not ouer wooe your honors,

But if you dare trust Penbrooke with the prisoner,

Vpon mine oath I will returne him backe,

Arun. My Lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

Lan. Why I say, let him go on Penbrookes word,

Pen. And you lord Mortimer.

Mor. in. How say you my lord of Warwickke.

War. Nay, do your pleasures,

I know how t'will prooue.

Pen. Then give him me.

Gau. Sweete soueraigne, yet I come

To see the ere I die.

War. Yet not perhaps,

If Warwickes wit and policie preuaile.

Mor. in. My lord of Penbrooke, we deliuere him you,

Returne him on your honor, sound away.

Exeunt:

Manek.

EDWARD THE SECOND.

*Manent Penbrooke, Mar. Gaest. & Pen-
brookes men, fourre soldiars.*

Pen. My Lord, you shall goe with me,
My house is not farre hence out of the way,
A little, but our men shall goe along,
We that haue prettie wenches to our wiues,
Sir, must not come so neere to balke their lips.

Mar. Tis very kindly spoke my Lord of Penbrooke,
Your honour hath an adamant of power,
To drawe a prince.

Pen. So my Lord, come hether James,
I do commit this Gaeston to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning
We will discharge the of thy charge, be gon.

Gau. Unhappie Gaeston, whether goest thou now?

Exit cum servis. Pen.

Horse boy. My Lord, weele quickly be at Cobham.

Exeunt ambo.

*Enter Gaeston moorning, and the earle of
Penbrookes men.*

Gau. O trecherous Warwick thus to wrong thy friend
James. I see it is your life these armes purue.

Gau. Weaponles must I fall and die in bandes,
O must this day be period of my life?
Center of all my blisse, and yee be men,
Speede to the King.

Enter Warwick and his compagine.

War. My Lord of Penbrookes men,
Strive you no longer, I will haue that Gaeston.

Jam. Your Lordship doth dishonour to your selfe,
And wrong our Lord, your honourable friend.

War. No James, it is my countries cause I follow,
Goe, take the villaine, soldiers come away,
Weele make quicke worke commend me to your master
My friend, and tell him that I watcht it well,
Come, let thy shadow parley with King Edward.

Gau. Trecherous earle, shall not I see the King?

War. The King of heauen perhaps, no other King,
Away.

THE TIGER CLOTH
Exemn Warwicke and his men, with Gaueston:
Marent I amos cum ceteris.

Come fellowes, it booted not for vs to striue,

We will in hast go certifie our Lo

Exemn

Enter King Edward and Spencer, with
Drummes and Fifer.

Edv. I long to heare an answeare from the Barons,

Touching my friend, my dearest Gaueston,

Ah Spencer, not the riches of my realme

Can ransome him, ah he is markt to die,

I knowe the malice of the yonger Mortimer,

Warwick I knowe is rough, and Lancaster

Inexorable, and I shall never see

My louely Pierce of Gaueston againt,

The Barons overbear me with their pride.

Spencer. Were I King Edward Englands soueraigne,

Sonne to the louely Ellenor of Spaine,

Great Edwards Longshankes issue: would I beare

These braues, this rage, and and suffer vncontrolde

These Barons thus to beard me in my land,

In mine owne realme? my Lord pardon my speech,

Did you retaine your fathers magnanimitie?

Did you regard the honour of your name?

You would not suffer thus your maestie

Be counterbusht of your nobilitie,

Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles,

No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,

As by their preachment they will profit much,

And learne obedience to their lawfull King.

Edv. Ye gentle Spencer, we haue beene too milde

Tookinde to them, but now haue drawne our sword,

And if they send me not my Gaueston,

Weele steele it on their crest, and powle their tops.

Bald. This haught resolute becomes your maestie,

Not to be tied to their affection,

As though your highnes were a schoole-boy still,

And must be awde and gouern'dlike a child:

Enter Hugh Spencer an old man, father to the young

Spencer, with his truncheon and soldiers.

Spenc.p.s.

of Edward the second.

Spen. pa. Long liue my soueraigne the noble *Edward*,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in warres.

Edvv. Welcom! oldeman, com'st thou in *Edwards* aids?
Then tell the prince, of whence, and what thou art.

Spen. pa. Loe, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Browne bils, and targetiers, 400 strong,
Sworne to defend King *Edward*s roiall right,
I come in person to your maesticie,
Spencer, the father of *Hugh Spencer* there.

Bound to your highnes euerlasting lie,
Forfauour done in him, vnto vs all.

Edvv. Thy father *Spencer*?

Spen. filius. True, and it like your grace,
That powres in lieu of all your goodnes showne,
His life my Lord, before your princely feete.

Edvv. Welcome ten thousand times, old man againe,
Spencer, this loue, this kindnes to thy King,
Argues thy noble minde and disposition:
Spencer, I heere create thee earle of Wilshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our fauour,
That as the sun-shine shall refelct ore thee:
Beside the more to manifest our loue,
Because we heare Lord *Bruce* doth sell his land,
And that the *Mortimers* are in hand withall,
Thou shalt haue crownes of vs, r'out bid the Barons,
And *Spencer*, spare them not, lay it on,
Soldiers a largis, and thriste welcome all.

Spen. My Lord, here come the Queene.

Enter the Queene and her sonne, and.

Levyn a Frenchman.

Edvv. Madam, what newes?

Que. Newes of dishonour Lord, and discontent,
Our friend *Levyn*, saithfull and full of trust,
Informeth vs, by letters and by wordes,
That Lord *Valoyes* our brother, King of France,
Because your highnesse hath beeне slacke in homage,
Hath seazed Normandie into his handes,
These be the letters, this the messenger.

Edvv. Welcome *Levyn*, tush Sir, if this be all,

The Trgaedic

Valoys and I will soone be friendes againe,
But to my Gaeston : shall I neuer see,
Neuer behold thee now ? Madam in this matter
We will employ you and your little sonne,
You shall go parley with the King of Fraunce,
Boy, see you beare you brauely to the King,
And doe your message with a maiestie.

Prin. Commit not to my youth things of more waight
Then fits a prince so young as I to beare,
And feare not Lord and father, heauens great beames
On *Atlas* shoulder, shall not lie more safe,
Then shall your charge committed to my trust.

Qu. A boy, this towardnes makes thy mother feare
Thou art not markt to manie daies on earth.

Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipt,
And this our sonne, *Lewen* shall follow you,
With all the hast we can dispatch him hence,
Choose of our Lordesto beare you companie,
And goe in peace, leaue vs in warres at home.

Que. Vnnaturall wars, where subiects braue their King,
God end them once, my Lord I take my leaue,
To make my preparation for *France*.

Enter Lord Matre.

Edw. What Lord Matre, dost thou come alone?

Mat. Yea my good Lord, for *Gaeston* is dead.

Edw. Ah traitors, haue they put my friend to death,
Tell me Matre, died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

Marre. Neither My Lord, for as he was surprizd,
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,
I did your highnes message to them all,
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, vpon the honour of my name,
That I would vndertake to carrie him
Vnto your highnes, and to bring him backe.

Edw. And tell me, would the rebels deacie me that ?

Spen. Proud recreants.

Edw. Yea Spencer traitors all.

Matre. I found them at the first inexorable

OF Edward the second.

The earle of Warwicke would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, Penbrooke and Lancaster
Speake least: and when they flatly had denyed,
Refusing to receiue me pledge for him,
The earle of Penbrooke mildly thus bespake.
My Lordes, because our soueraigne sendes for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe retuind,
I will this vndertake, to haue him hence,
And see him redeliuered to your handes.

Edm. Well, and how fortunes that he came not?
Spen. Some treason, or some villanie was cause.

Mat. The earle of Warwicke seazde him on his way,
For being deliuering vnto Penbrookes men,
Their Lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe,
But ere he came, Warwicke in ambush laie,
And bare him to his death, and in a trench
Strake off his head, and marcht vnto the campe.

Spen. A bloody part, flatly against lawe of armes.

Edm. O shall I speake, or shall I sigh and die!

Spen. my Lord, referrer your vengeance to the sword,
Vpon these Barons, harten vp your men,
Let them not vreveng'd murther your friends,
Aduance your standard Edward in the field,
And marche to fire them from their starting holes.

Edward kneeleth, and saith.

By earth, the commone mother of vs all,
By heauen, and all the mouing orbis thereof,
By this right hand, and by my fathers sword,
And all the honours longing to my crowne,
I will haue heads, and liues for him as many,
As I haue manors, castels, townes, and towers,
Trecherous Warwicke, traiterous Mortimer:
If I be Englands King, in lakes of gore
Your headles trunkes, your bodies will I traile,
That you may drinke your fill, and quaffe in blood,
And slayne my royll standard with the same,
That so my bloodie colours may suggest
Remembrance of reuenge immortallie,
On your accursed traitorous progenie.

THE TRAGEDIE

You villaines that haue staine my *Gaueston*,
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweete *Spencer*, I adopt thee heere,
And merely of our loue we do create thee
Earle of Gloster, and Lord Chamberlaine,
Dispite of times, despite of enemies.

Spen. My Lord, heres is a messenger from the Barons,
Desires accessse vnto your maiestie.
Edw. Adimit him neere.

*Enter the Herald from the Barons, with
his coate of armes.*

Messen. Long live king *Edward*, Englands lawfull Lord.

Edw. So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither,
Thou com'st from *Mortimer* and his complices,
A ranker roote of rebels never was:
Well, say thy message.

Messen. The Barons vp in armes, by me salute
Your highnes, with long life and happines,
And bid me say as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of bloud,
You will this grieve haue ease and remedie,
That from your princely person you remoove
This *Spencer*, as a putrifyng branch,
That deads the royall vine whose golden leaue
Empale your princely head, your Diadem,
Whose brightnes such permittious upstartes din,
Say they, and louingly aduise your grace,
To cherish vertue and nobilitie,
And haue olde seruitors in high esteeeme,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their liues,
Are to your highnesse yowd and consecrate.

Spen. A traitors, will they still display their pride?

Edw. Away, tarrie no answere but be gon,
Rebels, will they appoint their soueraigne
His spoiles, his pleasures, and his companie:
Yet ere thou goest, se how I doe denoue
Spencer from me: now get thee to thy Lords.
And tell them I will come to chastice them,

For

OF Edward the seconD.

For murthering Ganeston; hie thee, get thee gone,
Edward with fire and sword, followes at thy heeles,
My Lord, perceiue you how these rebels swell:
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your soueraignes right,
For now, euen now, we march to make them stoope,
Away.

Exeunt.

Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat.

Enter the King, Spencer the father, Spencer the sonne
and the noblemen of the Kinges side.

Edw. Why doe we sound retreat? vpon them Lordes,
This day I shall powre vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are vp in armes,
And doe confront and countermaund their king.

Spen.son. I doubt it not my Lord, right will preuaile.

Spen.fa. Tis not amisse my liege for eyther part,
To breath a while, our men with sweat and dust
All chockt well neare, begin to faint for heare,
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

Spen.son. Heere come the rebels.

Enter the Barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwicke,

Penbrooke, cum ceteris.

Mor. Look Lancaster, yonder is Edward among his flat-
Lan. And there let him bee, till he pay deereely for their
companie.

War. And shall, or Warwicks sword shall smite in vaine;

Edwv. What rebels, do you shrinke, and sound retreat?

Mor.in. No Edward, no, thy flatterers saint and flic.

Lan. Th'ad best betimes forsake thee and their trains,
For theile berray thee, traitors as they are.

Spen.son. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster.

Pen. Away base vpstart, brau'st thou nobles thus.

Spen.fa. A noble attempt, and honourable deede,
It is not trowe ye, to assemble aide,

And leauie armes agaist your lawfull king.

Edwv. For which ere long, their headeſ shall satisfie:
T'appeaze the wrath of their offended king.

Mor.in. Then Edward thou will fight it to the last:
And rather bath thy ſword in ſubiects blood

THE TRAGEDIE

Then banish that pernicious companie.

Edm. I traitours all, rather then thus be braude,
Make Englands ciuill townes huge heapes of stones,
And plowes to goe about our pallace gates.

War. A desperate and vnnaturall resolution,
Alarum to the fight, saint George for England,
And the Barons right.

Edw. S. George for England, and King Edward's right.

Enter Edward, with the Barons captives.

Edw. Now lustie Lordes, now not by chance of warre,
But iustice of the quarrell and the cause
Vaild is your pride, me thinkes you hang the heades,
But wee leaduance them traitors, now tis time
To be aueng'd on you for all your braues,
And for the murther of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soule was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaueston my sweet sauorit,
Ah rebels, recreants, you made him awaie.

Edm. Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land,
Did they remooue that flatterer from thy throne.

Edw. So sir, you haue spoke away, auoide our presence,
Accursed wretches, wast in regard of vs,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spared to come to speake with ys,
And Penbrooke vndertooke for his returne,
That thou proud Warwicke wacht the prisoner,
Poore Pierce, and headed him against lawe of armes,
For which thy head shall overlooke th'e rest,
As much as thou in rage out went'st the rest.

War. Tyrant, I scorne thy threats and menaces,
Tis but temporall that thou canst inflict.

Lan. The worst is death, and better die to liue,
Then liue in infamie ynder such a King.

Edw. Away with them my Lord of Winchester,
These lustie leaders Warwicke and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly off with both their heades, awaie.

War. Farewell vaine worlde.

Lan. Sweete Mortimer farewell.

Mor. in. England, vnkinde to thy nobilitie,

Greene

of Edward the second.

Grone for this greefe, behold how thou art maimed,
Edw. Go take that hautie Mortimer to the tower,
There see him safe beslowed, and for the rest,
Do speedie execution on them all, be gon.

Mor. in. What Mortimer? can ragged stonie walles
Immure thy vertue that aspires to heauen,
No Edward, Englands scourge, it may not be,
Mortimers hope surmounts his fortune farte.

Edw. Sound drums and trumpets, marche with me my
friends,

Edward this day hath crownd him king a new *Exit.*

Manent Spencer filius, Lewne & Baldock.

Spes. Lewne, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of King Edwards land,
Therefore be gon in hast, and with aduice,
Bestowe that treasure on the lords of France,
That therewith all enchaunted like the guarde,
That suffered Love to passe in showers of golde,
To Danae, all aide may be denied

To Isabell the Queene, that now in France
Makes friends, to crosse the seas with her young sonne,
And step into his fathers regiment.

Lew. Thats it these Barons and the subtill Queene,
Long leuied at.

Bal. Yea, but Lewne thou seest,
These Barons lay their heads on blocks together,
What they intend, the hangmans frustates cleane.

Lew. Haue you no doubtre my lords, ile claps close,
Among the lords of France with Englands golde,
That Isabell shall make her plaints in vaine,
And France shall be obdurat with her teares.

Spes. Then make for Fraunce, amaine Lewne away,
Proclaime King Edwards warres and victories.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Edmund.

Edm. Faire blowes the wind for France, blow gentle
gale,
Till Edmund be arriu'd for Englands good,
Nature, yeeld to my countryes caule in this.

The Tragedy

A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends,
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But ile to France, and cheere the wronged Queene,
And certifie what Edwards loosenesse is,
Vnnaturall King, to slaughter noble men
And cherish flatterers: Mortimer I stay
Thy sweet escape, stand gracious gloomy night to his deuise.

Enter Mortimer disguised.

Mor. iu. Holla, who walketh there, ist you my lord?

Edm. Mortimer is I, but hath thy potion wrought so
happilie?
Mor. ii. It hath my Lord, the warders all a sleepe,
I thanke them, gaue me leaue to passe in peace:
But hath your grace got shippynge vnto Fraunce?

Edm. Feare it not.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene and her sonne.

Qu. A boy, our friendes do faile vs all in Fraunce,
The lords are cruell, and the king vnkinde,
What shall we doe?

Prince. Madam, returne to England,
And please my father well, and then a Fig
For all my vncles friendship here in Fraunce,
I warrant you, ile winne his highnes quicklie,
A loues me better than a thousand Spencers.

Qu. A boy, thou art deceiu'de at least in this,
To thinke that we can yet be tun'd together,
No, no, we iarre too farre, vnkinde Valoys,
Unhappie Isabell, when France receets
Whether, O whether dost thou bend thy steps.

Enter sir John of Henolt.

S. Joh. Madam, what cheereas,

Qu. A good sir John of Henolt,
Neuer so cheereles, nor so farre distrest.

S. Joh. I heare sweate lady of the Kings vnkindnes,
But drooper not madam, noble mindest conteyne
Despaire: will your grace with me to Henolt?
And there stay times aduahtage with your sonne,
How say you my Lord, will you go with your friends,

And

of Edward the second.

And shake off all our fortunes equally.

Prin. So pleaseth the Queene my mother, me it likes,
The king of England, nor the court of Fraunce,
Shall haue me from my gratioues mothers side,
Till I be strong enough to breake a staffe,
And then haue at the proudest Spengers head.

Sir John Well said my lord.

Qu. Oh my sweete hart, how do I mone thy wrongs?

Yet triumphe in the hope of thee my ioye,
Ah sweete sir John, cuen to the vtmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanaise,
Will we with thee to Henage, so we will.
The Marques is a noble Gentleman,
His grace I dare presume will welcom me,
But who are these?

Enter Edmond and Mortimer.

Edm. Madam, long may you live,
Much happier then your friends in England do.

Qu. Lord Edmund and lord Mortimer aliuie,
Welcome to Fraunce: the newes was here my lord,
That you were dead, or very neare your death.

Mor. iii. Lady, the last was truest of the twaine,
But Mortimer reserude for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thradoine of the tower,
And liues, t'aduance your standard good my lord;

Prin. How meane you, and the king my father liues?
No my lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

Qu. Not sonne, why not? I wouldit were no worse,
But gentlelords, friendles we are in Fraunce.

Mor. iii. Mounier le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Tould vs at our arriuall all the newes,
How hard the nobles, how vnkinde the king
Hath shewed himselfe, but madam, right makes roome,
Where weapons want, and though a many friends,
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our partie and faction,
Yet haue we friends, assure your grace in England,
Would cast vp cappes, and clap their hands for ioy,
To see vs their appointed for our soes.

The Tragedie

Edm. Would all were well, and Edward well reclaimid,
For Englands honor, peace, and quietnes.

Mor. But by the sword, my lord, it must be deseru'd,
The king will nere forsake his flatterers.

S. Iob. My Lords of England, sith the vngentle king
Of France refuseth to giue aide of armes,
To this distressed Queene his sister heere,
Go you with hit to Henolt, doubt yee not,
We will finde comfort, money, men, and friends,
Ere long, to bid the English King a base;
How say yong Prince, what thinke you of the match?

Prin. I think King Edward will out-runne vs all.

Qu. Nay sonne, not so, and you must not discourage
Your friends that are so forward in your aide.

Edm. Sir John of Henolt, pardon vs I pray,
These comforts that you giue our wofull Queene,
Binde vs in kindnes all at your commaund,

Qu. Yea gentle brother, and the God of heauen,
Prosper your happie motion good sir John.

Mor. iij. This noble gentleman forward in armes.
Was borne Isee to be our anchor hold,
Sir John of Henolt, be it thy renowne,
That Englands Queene, and nobles in destresse,
Haue beeene by thee restored and comforted.

S. John. Madam along, and you my lord with me,
That Englands peers may Henolts welcome see.

Enter the king. Matr. the two Spencers, with others.

Edw. Thus after many threats of wrathfull warre,
Triumpheth Englands Edward with his friendes,
And triumph Edward with his friends vncoutrouled,
My lord of Gloster, do you heare the newes?

Spencer. What newes my lord?

Edw. Why man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realme, my lord of Arundell
You haue the note, haue you not?

Matr. From the liuetenant of the tower my lord.

Edw. I pray let vs see it what haue we there?
Readit Spencer. Spt. ter reads their names.
Why so, they barkt a pece a montrage.

Now

The Tragedie

Now on my life, theile neither barke nor bite.
Now firs, the newes from France, Gloster I trowe,
The lords of Fraunce loue Englands gold so well,
As Isabell gets no aide from thence.

What now remaines, haue you proclaimed, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

Spens. My lord, we haue, and if he be in England,
A will be had ere long I doubt it not.

Edw. If, doost thou say? Spenser, as true as death,
He is in Englands ground, our port-maisters
Are not so carelesse of their Kings commaund.

Enter a Poasse.

(these?)

How now, what newes with thee; from whence come
Post. Letters my lord, and tidings soorth of France,
To you my lord of Gloster from Lewne.

Edward. Reade.

Spencer reads the letter:

My dutie to your honor promised, &c. I haue according to instructions in that behalfe, dealt with the King of Fraunce his lords, and effected, that the Queene all discontented and discomfited, is gone, whither if you aske, with sir John of Henolt, brother to the Marquesse, into Flaunders: with them are gone Lorde Edmund, and the lord Mortimer, hauing in their companie diuers of your nation, and others, and as constant report goeth, they intend to giue King Edward battell in England, sooner then he can looke for them: this is all the newes of import.

Your honors in all service, Lewne.

Edw. A villaines hath that Mortimer escapt?
With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will sir John of Henolt lead the round?
Welcome a Gods name Madam and your sonne,
England shall welcome you, and all your route,
Gallop a pace bright Phœbus through the skie,
And duskie night, in rustie iron carre,
Betweene you both, shorten the time I pray,
That I may see that most desired day,

The Tragedy

When we may meeke these traitors in the field.
Ah nothing grieues me but my little boye,
Is thus misled to countenance their illes,
Come friends to Bristow, there to make vs strong,
And winds as equall be to bring them in,
As you iniurious were to beare them foorth.

Enter the Queene, berfonne, Edmund, Mor-
timer, and sir Iohn.

Q. Now lords, our louing friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all with prosperous windes,
Our kindest friends in Belgea haue we left,
To cope with friends at home: a heauie case,
When force to force is knit and sword and gleaue,
In ciuill broyles make kin and country men,
Slaughter them selues in others, and their sides
With their owne weapons gorde, but whats the helpe?
Misgouerned kings are caule of all this wrack,
And Edward thou art one among them all,
Whose loosnes hath betrayed thy land to spoyle,
And madethe channell overflow with blood,
Of thine own people patro shouldst thou be, but thou.
Mor. Nay madam, if you be a warrier,
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches:
Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of heauen,
Arriu'd and armed in this princes right,
Heere for our countries caule sweare we to him
All homage, fealtie and forwardnes,
And for the opon wrongs and iniuries
Edward hath done to vs, his Queene and land,
We come in armes to wrecke it with the sworde:
That Englands queene in peace may reposesse
Her dignities and honours: and withall
We may remooue these flatterers from the King,
That hauocks Englands wealth and treasurie.
S. Iohn. Sound trumpet my lord & forward let vs march.
Edward will thinke we come to flatter him.
Edm. I would he never had ben flattered more.

Enter

of Edward the second.

Enter the King, Baldock, and Spencer the sonne, flying about the stage.

Spen. Fly, fly, my Lord, the Queene is ouerstrong,
Her friends doe multiply and yours doe faile,
Shape we our courle to Ireland thereto breath.

Edw. What, was I borne to fly and runne away,
And leaue the Mortimers conquerers behinde?
Giue me my horse and lets re'nforce our troupes:
And in this bed of honor die with fame.

Bald. O no my lord, this princely resolution
Fits not the time, away we are purfu'd.

Edmund alone with a sword and targe.

Edm. This way he fled, but I am come too late,
Edward, alas my heart relents for thee,
Proud trayter Mortimer why doost thou chase,
Thy lawfull king thy soueraigne with thy sword?
Vilde wretch, and why haft thou of all vnkinde,
Borne armes against thy brother and thy king?
Raigne showers of vengeance on my cursed head
Thou God, to whom in iustice it belongs
To punish this vnnaturall reuolt:
Edward, this Mortimer aimes at thy life:
O flie him then, but Edmund calme this rage,
Dissemble or thou diest, for Mortimer
And Isabell, doe kisse while they conspire,
Bnd yet she beares a face of loue forsooth:
Fie on that loue that hatcheth death and hate,
Edmund away, Bristow to Lonshankes blood
Is false, be not found single for suspect:
Proud Mortimer pries neare into thy walkes.

Enter the Queene, Mortimer, the young Prince
and sir Iohn of Henolt.

Qu. Successfull battel giues the God of Kings,
To them that fight in right and feare his wrath:
Since then succellfully we haue preuailed,
Thankt be heauens great architect and you,
Ere farther we proceede my noble lords,
We here create our welbeloued sonne,
Of loue and care vnto his roiall person,

of Edward the second.

Lord warden of the realme, and sith the fates
Haue made his father so infortunate,
Deale you my lords in this, my louing lords,
As to your wisdomes fittest seemes in all.
Edm. Madam, without offence if I may aske,
How will your deale with *Edward* in his fall?

Edm. Madam, without offence if I may aske,
How will you deale with *Edward* in his fall?
Prin. Tell me good vncle, what *Edward* do you meant?

Edm. Nephew, your father, I dare not call him King.
Mor. My lord of Kent, what needes these questions?
Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours,
But as the realme and parlement shall please,
So shall your brother be disposed of,
I like not this relenting moode in *Edmund*.
Madam, tis good to looke to him betimes.

Qu. My lord, the Maior of Bristow knowes our mind.
Mor. Yea madam, and they scape not easilie,
That fled the feelde.

Qu. *Baldock* is with the King,
A goodly chauncelor, is he not my Lord?

S. Job. So are the Spencers, the father and the sonne.

Edm. This *Edward*, is the ruine of the realme.

Enter *Rice ap Howell*, and the Maior of Bristow,
with Spencer the Father.

Rice. God saue Queene Isabell, and hir princely sonne,
Madam, the Maior and Citizens of Bristow,
In signe of loue and dutie to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spencer, the father to that wanton *Spencer*,
That like the lawles *Catiline* of Rome,
Reueld in Englands wealth and treasurie.

Qu. We tanke you all.

Mor. iu. Your louing care in this,
Deserueth princely fauours and rewardes,
But wheres the King and the other *Spencer* fled?

Rice. *Spencer* the sonne, created earle of Glosster,
Is with that smooth tongd scholler *Baldock* gone,
And shipt but late for Ireland with the King.

Mor. iu.

of Edward the second,

Mor. Some whirle wind fetch them backe, or sinke
them all:

They shalbe started thence I doubt it not.

Prin. Shall I not see the King my father yet?

Edm. Vnhappies Edward, chasf from Englands bounds,

S. John. Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse?

Que. I rue my Lordes ill fortune, but alas,

Care of my countrie cald me to this warre.

Mor. Madam, haue done with care and sad complaint,

Your King hath wrong'd your countrie and himselfe,

And we must seeke to right it as we may,

Meane while, hauehence this rebell to the blocke,

Spen. pa. Rebelle is he that fights against the prince,

So fought not they that fought in Edwards right,

Mor. Take him away, he prates, you *Rice ap bowell*,

Shall doe good seruice to her Maiestie,

Being of countenance in your countrey heere,

To follow these rebellious runnagates,

We in meane while madam, must take advise,

How *Baldocke*, *Spencer*, and their complices,

May in their fall be followed to their end.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter the Abbot, Monke, Edward, Spencer,
and Baldocke.*

Abbos. Haue you no doubt my Lord, haue you no feare,
As silent and as carefull we will be,
To keepe your royll person safe with vs,
Free from suspect, and fell inuasion
Of such as haue your maiestie in chase,
Your selfe, and those your chosen companie
As danger of this stormie time requires.

Edm. Father, thy face should harbour no deceit,
O had'st thou euer beeene a King, thy heart
Pierced deeply with sence of my distresse,
Could not but take compassion of my state,
Stately and proud, in riches and in traine,
Whilom I was powerfull and full of pompe,
But what is he, whom rule and emperie
Haue not in life or death made miserable?

The Tragedie

Come Spenser, come Baldocke, come fit downe by me,
Make triall now of that philosophie,
That in our famous nurseries of artes
Thou sucked'st from *Plato*, and from *Aristotle*.
Father, this life contemplatiue is heauen,
O that I might this life in quiet lead,
But we alas are chaste, and you my fiendes,
Your liues and my dishonour they pursue
Yet gentle monkes, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray vs and our companie.

Monkes. Your grace may sit secure, if none but wee doo
wot of your abode.

Spen. Not one aliue, but shrewdly I suspect,
A gloomie fellow in a meade belowe,
A gaue a long looke after vs my Lord,
And all the land I know is vp in armes,
Armes that pursue our liues with deadly hate.

Bald. We were iunbarkt for Ireland, wretched we,
With awkward windes, and sore tempestes driuen
To fall on shoare, and here to pine in feare
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

Edw. Mortimer, who talkes of *Mortimer*,
Who woundes me with the name of *Mortimer*
That bloodie man? good father on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care,
O might I never open these eyes againe,
Neuer againe lift vp this drooping head,
O neuer more lift vp this dying heart!

Spen. soz. Looke vp my Lord. *Baldocke*, this drownes
Besides no good, here euen we are betraied.

Enter with Welch hooker, *Rice ap Howell*, a *Mower*,
and the earle *Leicester*.

Mower. Vpon my life, these be the men ye seeke,
Rice. Fellow enough, my Lord I pray be short,
A faire commission warrants what we doe,

Les. The Queenes commission, urg'd by *Mortimer*,
What cannot gallant *Mortimer* with the Queen?
Alas, see where he sits, and hopes vnsene,
To escape their handes that seek to reauent his life.

Too

of Edward the second.

Too true it is, quem dies videt veniens superbum,
Hunc dies videt fugiens tacentem.
But Leister leue to grove so passionate,
Spencer and Balduske, by no other names,
I arrest you of high treason here,
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest,
Tis in the name of Isabell the Queene.
My Lord, why droope you thus?

Edw. O day! the last of all my blisse on earth,
Center of all misfortune. O my starres!
Why do you lowre vnkindly on a King?
Come Leister then in Isabellas name,
To take my life, my compaines from me?
Heere man rip vp this panting breast of mine,
And take my hart, in reskew of my friendes.

Rice. Away with them.
Spen.in. It may be come thee yet,
To let vs take our farewell of his grace.

Abb. My heart with pittie carnesto see this sight,
A king to beare these wordes and proud commaundes.
Edw. Spencer, a sweete Spencer, thus then must we part.
Spen.in. We must my Lord, so wil the angry heauens.
Edw. Nay so will hell and cruell Mortimer,

The gentle heauens haue not to doe in this.
Bald. My Lord, it is in vaine to grecue or storme,
Heere humblie of your grace we take our leaues,
Our lots are cast, I leare me so is thine.

Edw. In heauen we may, in earth never shall we meete,
And Leister say, what shall become of vs?

Leist. Your maiestie must goe to Killingworh.

Edw. Mutt! tis somewhat hard, when kings must go.

Leist. Here is a litter icedie for your grace,
That waites your pleasure, and the day growes olde.

Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

Edw. A litter hast thou, lay me in a heartie,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence,
Let Plutos beltring out my fatall knell,
And hags howle for my death at Charons shore,
For friendes hath Edward none, but thise, and these,

The Tragedie

And these must die vnder a tyrants sword..

Rice. My Lord, be going, care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heades.

Edw. Well, that shalbe, shalbe : part we must,
Sweete Spencer, gentle Balducke, part we must,
Hence fained weedes, vnfained are my woes,
Father, farewell : Leister thou staist for me,
And go I must, life farewell, with my friendes.

Exeunt Edward and Lancaster.

Spn.iii. O is he gone ! is noble Edward gone,
Parted from hence, neuer to see vs more,
Rent sphere of heauen, and fier for sake thy orbe,
Eeath melt to ayre, gone is my soueraigne,
Gone, gone alas, neuer to make returne.

Bald. Spencer, I see our soules are fleeting hence,
We are depriu'de the sun-shine of our life,
Make for a new life man, throw vp thy eyes,
And heart and hand to heauens immortall throne,
Pay natures debt with cheerefull countenance,
Reduce we all our lessons vnto this
To die sweete Spencer, therefore liue we all,
Spencer , allliue to die, and rise to fall.

Rice. Come, come , keepe these preachments till you
come to the place appointed
You, & such as you are, haue made wise work in England.
Will your Lordships away?

Mowver. Your Lordship I trust will remember me ?

Rice. Remember thee fellow? what else
Follow me to the towne.

*Enter the King, Leicester, vwith a Bishop for
the crowne,*

Lei. Be patient good my Lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth Castell were your Court:
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessitie.

Edw. Leister, if gentle wordes might comfort me
Thy speches long agoe had easde my sorowes
For kinde & louing hast thou alwaies beene :
The greeves of private men are soone allayde

But

of Edward the second.

But not of Kings, the forrest Deare being strucke
Runnes to an hearbe that closeth vp the woundes,
But when the imperiall Lionsflesh is gorde,
He rends, and teares it with his wrathfull pawe,
Highly scorning, that the lowly earth
Should drinke his blood, mounts vp to the ayre:
And so it fares with me, whose dauntlesse minde
The ambitious *Mortimer* would seeke to curbe,
And that vn-naturall Queene false *Isabell*,
That thus haith pent and mu'd me in a prison,
For such outragious passions cloy my soule,
As with the wings of ran cour and disdaine,
Full oft am I sowing vp to heauen,
To plaine me to the gods against them both:
But when I call to minde I am a King,
Me thinkes I should reuenge me of my wronges,
That *Mortimer* and *Isabell* haue done.
But what are Kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadowes in a sun-shine day?
My nobles rule, I beare the name of King,
I weare the crowne, but am contrould by them,
By *Mortimer*, and my vnconstant Queene,
Who spots my nuptiall bed with infamie,
Whilst I am lodg'd within this caue of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad lamentes,
That bleedes within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resigne my crowne,
To make vsurping *Mortimer* a King?

Bisb. Your grace mistakes, it is for Englands good,
And princely *Edwards* right we craue the crowne.

Edw. No, tis for *Mortimer*, not *Edwards* head,
For hees a lambe, encompassed by Wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life:
But if proud *Mortimer* doe weare this crowne,
Heauens turne it to a blaze of quenchlesse fire,
Or like the snakie wreath of *Tisipon*,
Engirt the temples of his hatefull head,
So shall not Englands Vines be perished,

The Tragedie

But Edwardes name suruiues, though Edwarde dies,
Lein. My Lord, why wast you thus the time away,
They stay your answere, will you yeeld your crowne?

Edw. Ah Leister, way, how hardly I can brooke
To loose my crowne and king dome, without cause,
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountaine overwhelmes my blisse,
In which extreme my minde heere murthered is:
But that the heauen appoint, I must obey,
Here take, my crowne, the lise of Edward too,
Two Kings in England cannot raigne at once:
But stay a while, let me King till night,
That I may gaze vpon this glittering crowne,
So shall my eycs receiuue their last content,
My head, the latest honour dew to it,
And royntly bothe yeeld vp their wished right.
Continue euer thou celestiall Sunne,
Let neuer silent night posseſſe this clime,
Stand still you watches of the element.
All times and seasons rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be ſtill faire Englands King:
But daies bright beame doth vanith fast away,
And needes I muſt reſigne my wished crowne
Inhumaine creatures, nurſt with Tigers milke,
Why gape you for your ſoueraignes ouerthrow?
My Diadem I meane, and guiltleſſe life,
See monſters ſet, ile weare my crowne againe
What, ſearc you not the furie of your king?
But hapleſſe Edward, thou art fondly led,
They paſſe not for thy frownes as late thy did,
But ſeekes to make a new elected King.
Which filſ my minde with ſtrange deſpairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endleſſe torments,
And in this torment, conſort finde I none,
But that I ſeele the crowne vpon my head,
And therefore let me weare it yet a while.

Tru. My Lord, the parliament muſt haue preſent newes,
And therefore ſay, will you reſigne or no,

The King rages

Edw.

of Edward the second,

Edw. Ile not resigne , but whilst I liue,
Traitours be gon, and ioyne you with *Mortimer*,
Elect, conspire, install, doe what you will,
Their bloud and yours shall seal these treacheries.

Bish. This ans were weele returne, and so farewell.

Leis. Call them againe my Lord, and speake them faire,
For if they goe, the prince shall loose his right.

Edw. Call thou them backe, I haue no power to speake,

Lei. My Lord the king is willing to resigne,

Bish. if he be not, let him choose,

Edw. O would I might, but heauens & earth conspire
To make me miserable : heere receive my crowne,

Receiuic it? no, these innocent handes of mine

Shall not be guiltie of so soule a crine,

He of you all that most desires my bloud,

And will be called the murtherer of a King,

Take it : what are you moude, pitie you me?

Then send for vntelenting *Mortimer*

And *Isabell*, whose eies being turnd to steele,

Will sooner sparkle fire then shed a teare :

Yet stay, for rather then I will looke on them,

Heere, heere: now sweete God of heauen,

Make me despise this transitorie pompe,

And sit for aye in thronized in heauen,

Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,

Or if I liue, let me forget my selfe.

Enter Bartley.

Bartley. My Lorde.

Edvv. Call me not Lorde,

Away, out of my sight, ah pardon me,

Greefe makes me lunaticke,

Let not that *Mortimer* protec^t my sonne,

More saftie there is in a Tigers iawes,

Then his embracemēts, beare this to the Queene,

Wet with my teares, and dried againe with sighes,

If with the sight thereof shee be not moued,

Retorne it backe and dip it in my blood ,

Commend me to my sonne, and bid him rule

Better then I, yet how haue I transgrest,

The Tragedie

Vnlesse it be with too much clemencie?

Tru. And thus, most humbly do we take ou rleue.

Edw. Farewell, I know the next newes that they bring,
Will be my death, and welcome shall it be,
To wretched men death is felicitie.

Leift. An other poast, what newes bringes he?

Edw. Such newes as I expect, come Bartley come,
And tell thy message to my naked brest.

Bart. My Lord, thinke not a thought so villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.

To do your highnes seruice and deuoire,
And saue you from your foes, Bartley would die.

Leift. My Lord, the counsell of the Queene commands,
That I resigne my charge.

Edw. And who must keepe mee now, must you my lord?

Bart. I, my most gratiouse Lord, so tis decreede,

Edw. By Mortimer, whose name is written here,
Well may I rent his name, that rends my heart,
This poore reuenge hath something easde my minde,
So may his limmes be torne, as is this paper,
Hearre me immortall loue, and grant it too.

Bart. Your grace must hence with me to Bartley straight,

Edw. Whither you will, all places are alike,
And euery earth is fit for buriall.

Leift. Fauour him my Lord, as much as lieth in you.

Bart. Euen so betide my soule as I vse him.

Edw. Mine enemie hath pitied my estate,
And thats the cause that I am now remouede.

Bart. And thinks yeur grace that Bartley will bee cruel?

Edw. I know not, but of this am I assured,
That death endes all, and I can die but once,

Leicester, farewell.

Lei. Not yet my Lord, ile beare you on your way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer, and Queene

Isabell.

Mor. in. Faire Isabell, now haue we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-braind king,

Haus

of Edward the second.

Haue done their homage to the lofie gallowes,
And he himselfe lies in captiuicie,
Be rulde by me, and we will rule the realme,
In any case take heede of childish feare,
For now we hold an old Wolfe by the eares,
That if he slip will seaze vpon vs both,
And gripe the sorer being gript himselfe,
Thinke therefore madam that imports as much,
To erect your sonne withall the speede we may,
And that I be protector ouer him,
For our behoofe will beare the greater sway
When as a Kings name shal be vnder writ.

Qu. Sweete Mortimer, the lise of Isabell,
Be thou perswaded, that I loue thee well,
And therefore so the prince my sonne be safe,
Whom I esteeme as deare as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I my selfe will willingly subscribe.

Mor. in. First would I here newes he were deposde,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Mor. in. Letters from whence?

Messen. From Killingworth my Lorde.

Qu. How faires my Lord the King?

Messen. In health madam, but full of pensiuenes.

Qu. Alas poore soule, would I could ease his greefe,
Thanks gentle Winchester, sirra, be gon.

Win. The King hath willingly resignde his crowne.

Qu. O happie newes, send for the prince my sonne.

Bish. Further, or this letter was sealed, Lord Bartley came,
So that he now is gone from Killingworth,
And we haue heard that Edmund laid a plot,
To set his brother free, no more but so,
The lord of Bartley is so pitifull,
As Leicester that had charge of him before.

Qu. Then let some other be his guardian.

Mor. in. Let me alone, here is the priuie seale,

The Tragedie

whose there, call hither Gurney and Matreus,
To dash the heauie headed Edmonds drift,
Bartley shall be dischargde, the king remooude,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

Qu. But Mortimer, as long as he suruiues
What safetie rests for vs, or for my sonne?

Mor.in. Speake, shall he presently be dispatch'd & die?

Qu. I would hee were, so it were not by my means.

Enter Matreus and Gurney.

Mor.in. Inough Matreus, write a letter presently
Vnto the Lord of Bartley from our selfe,
That he resigne the King to thee and Gurney,
And when tis done, we will subscribe our name.

Mat. It shall be done my lord.

Mor.in. Gurney.

Gur. My Lord.

Mor.in. As thou intendest to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortunes wheele turne as he please,
Seeke all the means thou canst to make him droope,
And neither give him kinde word nor good looke.

Gur. I warrant you my lord.

Mor.in. And this aboue the rest, because we heare
That Edmund castes to worke his libertie,
Remooue him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last, he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Bartley back againe:
And by the way to make him fret the more,
Speake curstly to him, and in any case
Let no man comfort him, if he chaunce to weepe,
But amplifie his greefe with bitter words.

Matr. Feare not my Lord, weeke do as you commaund.

Mor.in. So now away, post thither wards amaine.

Qu. Whither goes this letter, to my lord the King?
Commend me humbly to his Maestie,
And tell him, that I labour all in vaine,
To easse his greefe, and worke his libertie:
And bear him this, as witness of my loue.

Matr. I will madam.

Exeunt

of Edward the second.

Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney,
Manent Isabell and Mortimer.

Enter the yong Prince, and the Earle of Kent
talking with him.

Mor.in. Finely dissembled, do so still sweete Queene,
Heere comes the young prince, with the Earle of Kent.

Qu. Some thing he whispers in his childish eares,

Mor.in. If he haue such accessle unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soone be dasht.

Qu. Use Edmund frendly, as if all were well.

Mor.in. How fares my honorable lord of Kent?

Edm. In health sweete Mortimer, how fares your grace,

Qu. Well, if my Lord your brother were enlargde,

Edm. I heare of late he hath deposde himselfe.

Queen. The more my greele.

Mor.in. And mine.

Edm. Ah they do dissemble,

Que. Sweete sonne come hither, I must talke with thee,

Mor.in. You being his uncle, and the next of bloud,

Do looke to be protector ouer the prince.

Edm. Not I my lord: who should protect the sonne,
But she that gaue him life, I meane the Queenes?

Prin. Mother, perswade me not to weare the crowne,

Let him be King, I am too young to raigne.

Qu. But bee content, seeing it his highnesse pleasure.

Prin. Let me but see him first, and then I will,

Edm. I do sweete Nephew.

Qu. Brother, you know it is impossible

Prin. Why, is he dead?

Qu. No, God forbid.

Edm. I woulde those wordes proceeded from your heart,

Mor.in. Inconstant Edmund doest thou sauor him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

Edm. The more cause haue I now to make amends,

Mor.in. I tell thee tis not meet, that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince,

The Tragedie

My lord, he hath betrayd the King his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

Prin. But he repents, and sorrowes for it now.

Qu. Come sonne, and go with this gentle lord and me.

Prin. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

Mor. Why yongling, s'dainst thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carrie thee by force away.

Prin. Help vncle Kent, Mortimer will wrong me.

Qu. Brother Edmund, striue not, we are his friends,
Isabell is neerer then the earle of Kent.

Edm. Sister Edward is my charge, redeeme him.

Qu. Edward is my sonne, and I will keepe him.

Edm. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrongde me.
Hence will I hast to Killingworth castle,
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be reuengde on Mortimer and thee.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Matheus and Gurney with the King

Matr. My lord, be not pensiue, we are your friends,
Men are ordainde to liue in misery,
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our liues.

Edw. Friends, whither must vnhappy Edward go,
Will hatefull Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexed like the nightly birde,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowles?
When will the furie of his minde asswage?
When will his heart be satissied with bloud?
If mine will serue, vnbowell straight this brest,
And give my heart to Isabell and him,
It is the chiefeſt marke they leuell at.

Gur. Not ſo my liege, the Queene hatli giuen this charge,
To keepe your grace in safety,
Your passions make your colours to increase,

Edw. This vſage makes my miserie increase,
But can my ayre of late continue long,
When all my ſcences are annoyde with ſtenches?

Within

of Edward the Second.

Within a dungeon Englands King is kept,
Where I am steru'd for want of sustenance,
My dailie diet, is heart breaking sobs,
That almost rende the closet of my heart,
Thus liues old Edward not releu'd by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many.
O water gentle friendsto coole my thirst,
And cleare my bodie from soule excrements.

Matr. Heereschannell water , as our charge is given,
Sit downe, for weele be barbars to your grace.

Edw. Traitors away, what will you murther me,
Or choake your soueraigne with puddle water?

Gur. No, but wash your face, and shane away your beard,
Least you be knowne, and so be rescued.

Matr. Why striue you thus your labour is in vaine?

Edw. The wren may striue against the Lions strength.
But all in vaine, so vainly do I striue,
To sceke for mercie at a tyrants hand.

*They wash him with puddle water, and shane
his beard away.*

Immortall powers, that knowes the painfull cares,
That waites vpon my poore distressed soule,
O leuell al your looks vpon these daring men,
That wrongs their liege & soueraigne, Englands king.
O Gaufston, it is for thee that I am wrongde,
For me, both thou and both the Spencers died
And for your sakes, a thousand wrongs ile take,
The Spencers ghostes, where tuer they remaine,
Wish well to mine, then rush for them ile die.

Matr. Twixt theirs and yours, shall be no enmitie,
Come, come, away, now put the torches out,
Weele enter in by darknes to Killingwoorth.

Enter Edmund.

Gur. Hownow, who comes there?

Matr. Guard the King sure, it is the Earle of Kent.

Edw. O gentle brother, helpe to rescue me,

Matr. Keepe them a sunder, thust in the King.

Enter Gurney

Edm. Souldiers, let me but talke to him one word.
Gur. Lay hands vpon the Earle for his assault.
Edm. Lay downe your weapons, traitors yeelde the king
Mair. Edmund, yeelde thou thy selfe, or thou shalt die.
Edm. Base villaines, wherefore do you gripe mee thus?
Gur. Bind him, and so conuey him to the court.
Edm. Where is the court but here, here is the king,
And I will visit him, why stay you me?
Mair. The court is where lord Mortimer remaines,
Thither shall your honour go, and so farewell.

Exeunt Matrenis and Gurney, with the king.
Manent Edmund and the souldiers.

Edm. O Miserable is that common weale, where lords
Keep courts and Kings are lockt in prison!
Sould. Wherefore stay wee? on firs to the court.
Edm. I, lead me whether you will, euen to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releast.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer alone.

Mor. in. The King must die or Mortimer goes downe,
The commons now begin to pitie him,
Yet he that is the cause of Edwards death,
Is sure to pay for it when his sonne is of age,
And therefore will I do it cunningly,
This letter written by a friend of ours,
Containes his death, yet bids them saue his life,
Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.
Feare not to kill the King tis good he die
But read it thus, and that's another sence:
Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.
Kill not the King tis good to feare the worst,
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it goe,
That being dead, if it chaunce to be found,
Matrenis and the rest may bear the blame.

Ano

• Of Edward the second.

And we be quit that causde it to be done:
Within this roome is lockt the messenger,
That shall conuey it, and performe the rest,
And by a secret token that he beares,
Shall he be murdered when the deede is done.

Lightborn, come forth, art thou so resolute as thou wast?

Light. What else my lord? and farre more resolute,

Mor. iu. And hast thou caſt how to accomplish it?

Light. I I, and none ſhall know which way he died.

Mor. iu. But at his lookeſ *Lightborne* thou wilt relent.

Light. Relent, ha, ha, I vſe much to relent.

Mor. Well, doe it brauely, and be ſecret.

Light. You ſhall not neede to giue iſtructions,
Tis not the firſt time I haue killed a man,
I learned in Naples how to poyſon flowers,
To ſtrangle with a lawne thrust through the throte,
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needles point,
Or whilſt one is aſleepe, to take a quill
And blowe a little powder in his eares,
Or open his mouth, and powre quickſiluer downe,
But yet I haue a brauer way then theſe.

Mort. What's that? (trickes.)

Light. Nay, you ſhall pardon me, none ſhall know my

Mor. I care not how it is, ſo it be not ſpide,
Deliuere this to Gurney and Marenis,
At euery ten mile, end thou haſt a horſe.
Take this away, and neuer ſee mee more.

Light. No?

Mor. No, vnfleſſe thou bring me news of Edward's death.

Light. That will I quicklie doe, farewell my lord.

Mor. The prince I rule, the queene do I commauand,
And with a lowly conge to the ground,
The proudest lords ſalute me as I paſſe,
I ſeale, I cancell, I doe what I will,
Feard am I more then lou'd, let me be feard:
And when I frown, make all the court looke pale,
I view the prince with *Aristarcus* eyes,
Whose lookeſ were as a breeching to a boye,
They thrust vpon me the Protectorſhip,

And sue to me for that that I desire,
While at the counsellable, graue enough,
And not vnlike a bashfull paretaine,
First I complaine of imbecillitie,
Saying it is, *onus quam gravissimum*,
Till being interrupted by my friends,
suscepit that prouinciam as they tearme it,
And to conclude, I am protector now,
Now is all sure, the Queene and Mortimer
Shall rule the realme, the king, and none rules vs,
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends aduance,
And what I list cominaund, who dare controwle,
Maior sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere,
And that this be the coronation day,
It please me, and Isabell the Queene,
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

*Enter the young King, Bishop, Champion,
Nobles, Queen.*

Bish. Long liue king Edward: by the grace of God,
King of England, and lord of Ireland.

Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turke, or Iewe,
Dares but affirme, that Edwards not true King.
And will auouch his saying with the sworde,
I am the Champion that will combatte him?

Mor. iu. None comes, sound trumpets.

King. Champion, heeres to thee.

Qu. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

*Enter Soldiers with the Earle of
Kent prisoner.*

Mor. iu. What traitor haue we there with blades & billes?

Sould. Edmund the Earle of Kent.

King. What hath he done?

Sould. A woulde haue taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Mor. iu. Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund speake?

Edm.

Of Edward the second.

Edm. Mortimer, I did, he is our King,
And thou compel'st this prince to weare the crowne.
Mor. in. Strike off his head, he shall haue marshallaw.
Edm. Strike off my head, base traitour I defie thee.
King. My Lord, he is my Vnkle and shall liue.
Mor. in. My Lord, he is your enemie, and shall die.
Edm. Stay villaines.

King. Sweete mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Intreate my Lord Protector for his life.

Que. Sonne, be content, I dare not speake a word.

King. Nor I, and yet me thinkes I should commaund,
But seeing I cannot, ile intreate for him:
My Lord, if you will let my vncle liue,
I will requite it when I come to age.

Mor. in. Tis for your highnesse good, and for the
realmes,

How often shall I bid you beare him hence?

Edm. Art thou King, must I die at thy commaund?

Mor. in. At our commaunde, once more away with
him.

Edm. Let me but stay and speake, I will not go,
Either my brother or his sonne is King,
And none of both them thirst for Edmonds bloud,
And therefore soldiers whether will you hale me?

*They hale Edmond away, and carry him
to be beheaded.*

King. What safetie may I looke for at his handes,
If that my Vnkle shall be murthered thus?

Queen. Feare not sweete boy, ile guarde thee from
thy foes,
Had Edmond liu'de, he would haue fought thy death,
Come sonne, weeke ride a hunting in the parke,

King. And shall my Vuckle Edmond ride with vs?

Queen. He is a traitor, thinke not on him, come.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Matr. and Gurney.

Matr. Gurney, I wonder the King dies not,
Being in a vault vp to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castell runne,

From whence a daunce continually ariseth,
That were enough to poysen any man,
Much more a King brought vp so tenderly.

Gurn. And so do I, *Maireuis*: yesternight
I opened but the doore to throw hym meare,
And I was almost stifeled with the sauour.

Matr. He hath a bodie able to endure,
More then we can enfliet, and therefore now,
Let vs assaile his minde another while.

Gurn. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

Matr. But stay, whose this?

Enter *Lighthorne*.

Light. My Lord protector grecetes you.

Gurn. Whats heere? I know not how to construe it;

Matr. *Gurney*, it was left vnpointed for the nonce,
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,

Thats his meaning.

Light. Know you thistoken, I must haue the King?

Matr. I stay a while, thou shal haue answere straight,
This villan's sent to make away the King.

Gurney. I thought as much.

Matr. And when the murders done,
See how he must be handled for his labour,
Pereatisse: let him haue the King,
What else, heere is the keyes, this is the lake,

Doe as you are commaunded by my Lord

Light. I know what I must doe, get you away,
Yet be not farre off, I shall neede your helpe,
See that in the next roome I haue a fier,
And get me a spet and let it be red hote.

Matr. Very well,

Gurn. Neede you any thing besides?

Light. What else, a table and a fetherbed.

Gurn. Thats all.

Light. I, I, so when I call you, bring it in.

Matr. Feare not thou that.

Gurn. Heeres a light to go into the dungeon.

Light. So nowe must I about this geere, here was
there any

of Edward the lecond,

So finely handled as this King shalbe,
Eoh, heeres a place in deed with all my heart.

Edw. Whose there, what light is that, wherefore
com'ſt thou?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you ioyfull newes.

Edw. Small comforte findes poore Edward in thy
lookes,

Villaine, I know thou com'ſt to murther me.

Light. To murther you my most gracious Lord,
Farre is it from my heart to do you harme,
The Queene ſent me, to ſee how you were vſed,
For ſhe relents at this your miserie.

And what eies can reſraine from ſhedding teares,
To ſee a King in this moft pittious ſtate?

Edw. Weep'ſt thou alreadie, liſt a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrenis, hewne from the Caucasus,
Yet will I melt, ere I haue done my tale,
This dungeon where they keepe me, is the ſinke,
Wherein the filth of all the caſtell falles.

Light. O villaines!

Edw. And there in mire and puddle haue I stood,
This tendaies ſpace, and leaſt that I ſhould ſleepe,
One plaies continually vpon a Drum,
They giue me bread and water being a King,
So that for want of ſleepe and ſuſtenance,
My mindes diſtempered, and my bodies numde,
And whether I haue liuines or no I know not,
O would my bloode dropt out from euery vaine,
As doth this water from my tattered robes:
Tell Isabell the Queene, I looke not thus,
When for her ſake I ran at tilt in France,
And therenhorſt the Duke of Clerment.

Light. O ſpeake no more my Lord, this breaks my hart.
Lie on this bed and reſt your ſelfe a while,

Edw. These looks of thine can harbor nougħt but death,
I ſee my tragedie written in thy browes,
Yet stay a white, forbeare thy bloudie hand,
And let me ſee the ſtroke before it comes,

The Tragedie

That and even then when I shall loose my life,
My minde may be more stedfast on my God.

Light. What meanes your highnesse to mistrust me thus?

Edw. What mean't thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These handes were never stainde with innocent bloud,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a Kings.

Edward. Forgiue my thought, for hauing such a thought,

One icewell haue I leſt, receiue thou this,
Stillſcare I, and I know not whats the caufe,
But euerie iointe shakes as I giue it thee:
O if thou harborſt murther in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy minde, and ſave thy ſoule,
Know that I am a King, oh at that name,
I ſeele a hell of greefe, where is my crowne?
Gone, gone, and doe I remaine aliue?

Light. You're ouerwarch'd my Lord, lie downe and reſt.

Edw. But that greefe keepes me waking, I ſhould ſleepe
For not theſe ten daies haue theſe eies-lids cloſde,
Now as I ſpeake they fall, and yet with feare

Open againe, O wherefore ſits thou heere?

Light. If you mistrust me, ile be gon my Lord.

Edw. No, no, for if thou meant to murther me,
Thou wilt returne againe, and therefore stay.

Light. He ſleepes.

Edw. O let me not die, yet ſtay, O ſtay a while.

Light. How now my Lord.

Edw. Something ſtill buſſeth in mine eares,
And telſ me if I ſleepe I never wake,
This feare is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid theſe of thy life, *Matremis* come,

Edw. I am too weake and feeble to refiſt,
Affiſt me ſweet God, and receiue my ſoule.

Light. Runne for the table.

Edw. O ſpare me, or diſpatch me in a trice.

Light. So lay the table downe, and ſtaunpe on it
But not to hard, leau that you bruſe his bodie,

OF EDWARD THE SECOND.

Mastr. I feare mee that this crie will raise the towne,
And therefore let vs take horse and away.

Licht. Tell me firs, was is not brauely done?

Gurn. Excellent well, take this for thy reward,

Then Gurney stabs Lightborne.

Come let vs cast the bodie in the mote,
And beare the Kings to Mortimer our Lord, away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer and Matrenis.

Mor.in. Ist done, Matrenis, and the murtherer dead?

Mastr. I my good Lord, I would it were vndone.

Mor.in. Matrenis, if thou now growest penitent
Ile berhy ghostly father, therforech o ose,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

Mastr. Gurney my Lord is fled, and will I feare,
Betray vs both, therefore let me flie.

Mor.in. Flie to the Sauages.

Mastr. I humblie thanke your honour.

Mor.in. As for my selfe, I stand as Iowes huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compard to me,
All tremble at my name and I feare none,
Lets see who daire impeach me for his death?

Enter the Queen.

Queen. A Mortimer, the King my sonne hath newes,
His father's dead, and we haue murdered him.

Mor.in. What if he haue? the king is yet a child.

Que. I,I, but he teares his haire, and wringshis hands,
And vowestobe reuengd vpon vs both,
Into the councell chamber he is gone,
To craue the aide and succour of his peers,
Aye me, see where he comes, and they with him,
Now Mortimer begins our Tragedie.

Enter the King, with the Lords.

Lords. Feare not my Lord, know that you are a King.

King. Villaine.

Mor. in. Ho now my Lord?
King. Thinke not that I am frighted with thy words
My father's murdered through thy trecherie,
And thou shalt die, and on his mournefull hearse,
Thy hatefull and accursed head shall lie,
To witnesse to the world, that by thy meanes,
His kingly bodie was too soone interde.

Queen. Weepe not sweete sonne..

King. Forbid not me to weepe, he was my father,
And had you lou'de him halfe so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently,
But you I feare, conspirde with *Mortimer*.

Lords. Why speake you not vnto my Lord the King?

Mor. in. Because I thinke scorne to be accusde,
Who is the man dares say I murthered him?

King. Traitor, in me my louing fathers speaks,
And plainly saith, t'was thou that murdrest him.

Mor. in. But hath your grace no other prooife then this?

King. Yes if this be the hand of *Mortimer*.

Mor. in. False *Gurney* hath betraide me and himselfe,

Queen. I feard as much, murther cannot be hid.

Mor. in. Tis my hand, what gatheryou by this.

King. That thither thou did'st send a murtherer.

Mor. in. What murtherer? bring forth the man I sent

King. A *Mortimer*, thou knowest that he is slainie,

And so shalt thou be too : why staies he heere?

Bring him vnto a hurdle, drag him toorth,

Hang him Ifay, and set his quarters vp,

But bring his head backe presently to me.

Queen. For my sake sweete sonne pittie *Mortimer*,

Mor. in. Madam, intreat not, I will rather die,
Then sue for life vnto a paltrie boy.

King. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer.

Mor. in. Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheele
There is a point, to which when men aspyre,
They tumbled long downe, that point I toucht,
And seeing there was no place to mount vp higher,
Why should I greeue at my declining fall,
Farwell faire Queene, weepe not for *Mortimer*.

Tha

That scornes the world, and as a traueller,
Goes to discouer countries yet vndeclared.

King. What, suffer you the traitor to delay?

Qu. As thou receiuedst thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle *Mortimer*.

King. This argues, that you spilt my Fathers bloud,
Else would you not intreate for *Mortimer*. H

Qu. I spill his bloud? no.

King. I madam you, forso the rumor runnes.

Qu. That rumor is vntrue, for louing thec,
Is this report raisde on poore *Isabell*.

King. I doe not think her so vnnaturall.

Lords. My lord, Ifeare me it will prooue too true.

King. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till further triall may be made thereof,
If you be guiltie, though I be your sonne,
Thinke not to finde me slacke or pitifull.

Qu. Nay, to my death, for too long haue I liued,
When as my sonne thinks to abridge my dayes.

King. Away with her, her wordes inforce these teares,
And I shall pitie her if she speake againe.

Qu. Shall I not moorne for my beloued lord?
And with the rest accompanie him to his graue.

Lords. Thus madam, tis the kings will you shall hence.

Qu. He hath forgotten me, stay, I am his mother.

Lords. That bootes not, therefore gentle madam goe,

Qu. Then come sweete death, & rid me of this greese.

Lords. My lord, here is the head of *Mortimer*.

King Go fetch my fathers hearse, where it shall lie,
And bring my funerall robes. Accursed head,
Could I haue rulde thee then, as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatcht this monstrous treacherie?
Heere comes the hearse, helpe me to moorne my Lords:
Sweete father heere, vnto thy murdered Ghost,
I offer vp this wicked traitors head,
And let these teares distilling from mine eyes,
Be witnesse of my greese and innocencie.

EINIS.